

Some Pioneer Recollections

of

GEORGE LATHROP

and

LUKE VOORHEES



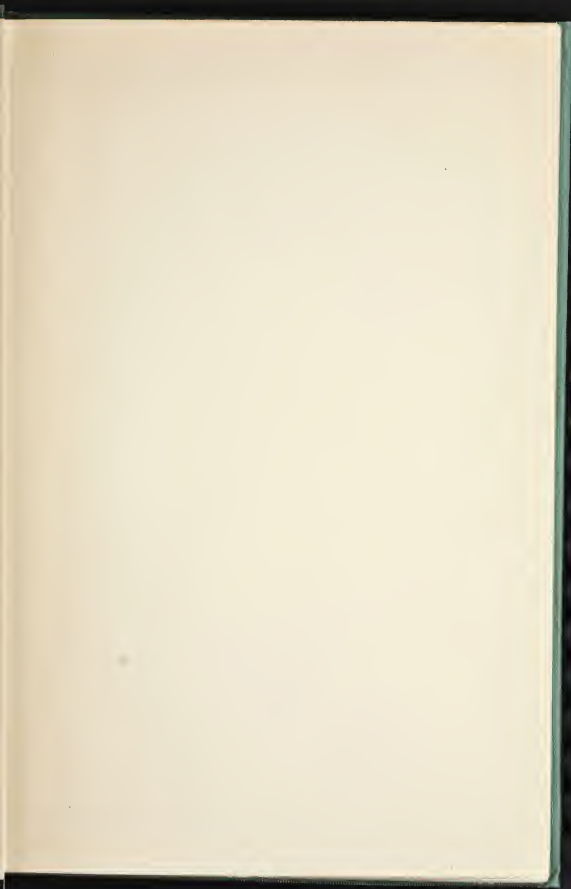
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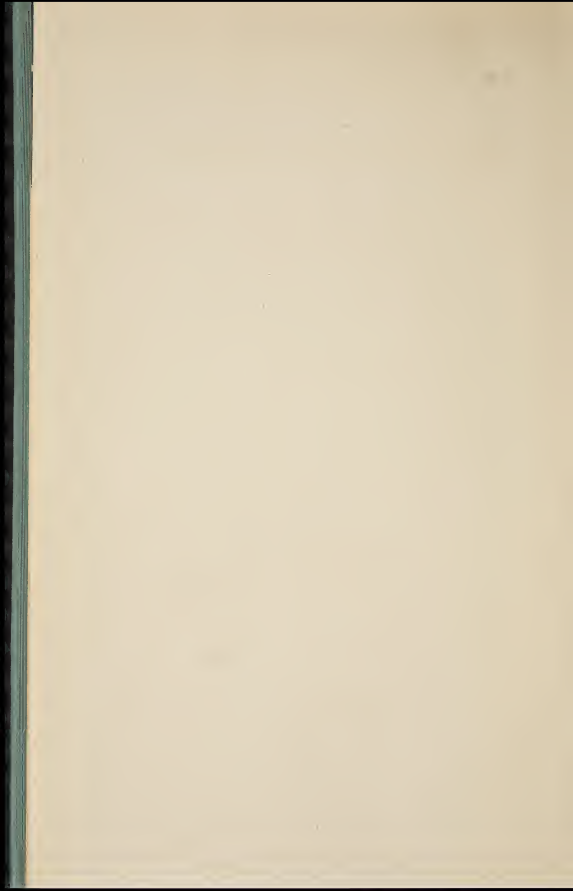
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Some Pioneer Recollections

Being the Autobiography of

George Lathrop

One of the First to Help in the Opening
of the West

And a Statement made by

John Sinclair

Relative to the Rescue of the Donner Party

Also an Extract from a Letter Written
by Geo. McKinstry with Reference to
the Rescue of the Donner Party

Together with Personal Recollections
of Pioneer Life by

Luke Voorhees

Philadelphia
George W. Jacobs & Co.,
1726 Chestnut Street
1927



Memoirs of a Pioneer

Being the Autobiography
of

GEORGE LATHROP

*One of the First to Help in
the Opening of the West*

THE LUSK HERALD
Lusk, Wyoming

Facsimile of title-page of the Original Edition

In the Collection of
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Memoirs of a Pioneer

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE LATHROP

Early Wyoming Settler

I am known as George Lathrop, but my right name is Marvin M. Lathrop.

I was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in the year 1830, on the 24th of December.

Of my boyhood days I will say nothing. My troubles were plenty, but they were my own.

I left my home on the 3rd day of July, 1853, and like most boys who run away, I did not know where I was going, and did not care. But since then I have. I had never known what it was to want, but I do now. When I left home I had no money and did not ask for any because I did not have time.

Don't think that I want to appear that I wanted to act like "Black Bert" or "Johnny Behind the Rocks" or any water tank kid. I was just a plain runaway and did not stop until I got to Toledo, Ohio. There I met a man by the name of Asa Fairchild. I did chores for him until spring for my board.

He was all ready to start for the Territory of Kansas, as this was in 1854, before it was called Bleeding Kansas.

But it soon afterwards got the name, by the troubles between the border ruffians of Missouri and the Red Legs of Kansas, in the years of '56 and '57.

I came to Kansas with Fairchild and his family, his wife and two little girls. We took a claim five miles from the state line and all went well with us until spring of '56. The stealing, burning and killing commenced on both sides of the state line and all work stopped in Kansas.

Men left their families and bachelors left their claims to guard the state line.

Our house was a stopping place for all free Statesmen, such men as John Brown, Jim Lane, Pickles, Doc Jensen and Montgomery. They were all good men and sometimes when they got over the line they would bring back lots of good things, such as horses, cows, hogs, and wagons loaded with grub,

bacon, ham and corn meal, flour and fruit and white door knobs for our cabin doors at home. Then in a few days the Border Ruffians would come over the line the other way and kill all the free Statesmen they could find, take all the plunder they could lay hands on and burn all the cabins with white door knobs and go back into Missouri.

There were not many men in Kansas at that time, but those who were there had good stuff in them.

Well, we lived there until the spring of 1859, then Fairchild got the gold fever and left his claim and crossed the plains for Pike's Peak.

We landed on Cherry Creek on the second day of July in 1859.

On the way across the plains lots of the wagons had the sign on the canvas covers, "Pike's Peak or Bust," and some we met going back had "Busted, by G——."

We did not get rich ourselves while there but stayed until the spring of 1860. I had worked all winter in Denver for two dollars and a half a day and as it was the first money I had ever earned I thought I was getting rich.

In the spring of 1860 quite a good many people went back to the States, and my friends, the Fairchilds, went back to Kansas and that was the last I ever heard of them.

Then I bought a horse and a mule with saddle and pack saddle to pack my grub and bed.

I, with two other men, left Denver and traveled all summer over Old and New Mexico. Late in the fall we got around to Fort Union and all three of us went to work for the government. I drove a team all winter but in the spring of '61 I wanted to go back to Kansas.

Now in those days there was a great deal of freight shipped by ox train and mule train and lots of these trains were Mexican outfits and had Mexican drivers.

Every spring, lots of these Mexican drivers would leave Mexico early and would walk across the plains to the Missouri river.

They would go to St. Joe or to Kansas City just to get a bull team or a mule team to drive back to Mexico during the summer. Now, some of them would have a wagon to haul their grub and beds, but when there were from twelve to twenty in the party they would have a mule or a horse to pack the grub and beds. They did not have much to eat and, God knows, little enough to sleep on, and if God doesn't know it I do, for I slept with one of them on the way to the river.

When the first outfit came along in March, 1861, on their way to the river, I quit the government and joined this party to walk back.

There were nine Mexicans and one white man and the white man was I. It was hard traveling. We had but two pack animals and not much of anything for them to eat, and while crossing the Rattoon Mountains we got caught in a bad snow storm. We camped for five days in one place and it snowed all the time. When we did get out of the mountains down on the Arkansas river it rained about ten days. We were going to Kansas City by way of Fort Riley but by this time I had about all of the Mexican outfit I wanted and made up my mind to leave them the first chance I had, so when we got to a little town by the name of Indianola, in the Pottawatomie Nation, we met and camped with a party of six men going out on the plains. The boss' name was Shields. He had the contract to build some new stations and repair some old ones on the old Sante Fe stage road. He wanted one more man so I turned back over the same road with him.

After we got out west of Abben we repaired three old stations and went west to a stream called Ash creek. There we had to build a new station. We camped on the creek about three hundred yards below the place where the new station was to be built.

The boys had been hanling logs for several days and I herded the extra stock. One night after supper Mr. Shields told me to get up in the morning at daylight and to turn all of the horses loose and to take them up on the hill to herd. The hill was about a quarter of a mile east of the camp. So at daylight I got up and turned every horse loose but one, the one I was to ride. Mr. Shields said he would send a man up by the name of Jack McGran to take my place while I came to breakfast, so when Jack came to the herd I gave him the saddle horse and my gun and I walked to camp.

Shields and four of the men had gone up to start the new building; the cook was washing the dishes and my breakfast was on the fire. Everything was peaceful, but the time was short. I had just dished up my breakfast and sat down on a box to eat it. The cook was on the other side of the fire cleaning a frying pan with a butcher knife when all of a sudden we heard the most unearthly war whoop that the Noble Red Men can raise. How I do wish some of the kind-hearted eastern people could hear it. How they would change their minds about that time and run for a place to hide in just as I did.

The Indians came charging out of the brush to the number of thirty or thirty-five. They came right at us. I looked at the cook and he was just falling over backwards. The arrows and bullets were tearing up the pots and pans all around the fire. They were right onto us but they ran through the camp

and did not stop. The camp was on the east side of the creek and on the west side were steep sand hill bluffs with patches of plum bushes on them that grew from one to two and one-half feet high. As the Indians passed through camp I jumped over the fire and across the creek and up the hill into the plum bushes to hide.

I think they thought they had killed us both so they went straight for the boys at the new building, and from where I lay on the hill-side I could see all that took place, a sight that I shall never forget. The boys had not taken a gun of any kind with them and so the Indians had them at their mercy. Of all the whooping, howling and shooting that band of red devils raised while they were butchering the boys and all I could do was to look on.

After they had killed them all, they got off their horses and took what little they had on their backs and then scalped them. I saw one Indian cut the scalp off one man's head, then he raised it above his own head and waved it in the air and howled with delight. Part of them went up the hill for the horses and the rest of them came back to camp. Then I thought my time had come. I could see they missed me and were looking for me in the creek and willows.

Now some people think it strange that my hair is not grayer than it is at my age, but I do not think so, because I think it died right then.

For some reason they did not come up the hill to look for me. They scalped the cook and stripped him of his clothing. When the Indians that had gone up the hill for the horses came back they cut up several of the horses, and after loading all of our grub, bed clothes, camp outfit and guns, set fire to the wagons and went away rejoicing.

I did not know what had become of Jack McGran. I could see the horses but could not see Jack and did not hear any shooting so thought he had got away. I was afraid to get up, so I lay all day in the brush, without water and the sun burning hot. I could see the water in the creek but could not go for a drink for fear some Indian was playing the same game, hiding in the brush to get my scalp. So I thought I would rather have my scalp than water. I stayed there until five o'clock in the afternoon when the stage came along going west. There were three men on the stage besides the driver when I saw them coming. I could not use one leg muscle but I got down to the creek and drank so much water that it made me sick. I did not know which was the worst, the water or my leg. Well, after the driver and the passengers looked over the wreck, and it did not take them long, they put me in the stage and pulled out for Pawnee Fork creek, twenty-four miles

west. The stage driver told me he had met Jack McGrau going east to Walnut creek. Jack told him we were all dead and I guess he thought we were. I did not blame him for getting out of there.

When we got to Pawnee the boys put me in a tepee and did all they could for me. All the medicine we had was grease and water, so you see our doctor bills were not hard to pay. I had been there about two weeks when the stage brought in another who was much worse than I. He was with a small freight train of nine wagons and eleven men. He was the only man left alive of the outfit. I have always thought the Indians thought he would die and left him alive so that he would suffer longer. He was shot right through the body and had his scalp taken off. All he got was grease and water. The stage company could not move him and it was four hundred and sixty-five miles to a doctor. I would occasionally josh him about his hair-dresser and he would ask me what company made my wooden leg. Finally the government took him away. I got so I could get around again and went to work for the stage company. I herded mules the rest of the summer and until late in the fall, then one of the drivers quit and I took his place and I thought I was about as high up as I ever wanted to be.

Now this drive that I took was from Pawnee Fork to Walnut creek, forty-six miles. East one night and west the next. It was a good short drive but a dangerous one. You may imagine how I felt every night driving over the same spot where all of my friends were killed on Ash creek. I drove on that route until the spring of 1862, then the division agent put me on the drive from Pawnee Fork to the old Dodge Station, sixty-two miles west. I am told that Dodge City is three miles above on the Arkansas river.

We had nothing to burn but buffalo chips. As this was right on the edge of the plains, during the winter there was not much travel so a driver had a good many long and lonesome drives. Of course he could keep his eye peeled all the time for the Noble Red Man. I drove there until February '65 and we had more or less trouble all the time. But I won't bother anybody with my troubles from '62 to '65, so will tell you about others.

In the early days there were several old Indian traders on the plains. I will speak of but two of them. One was Colonel Bent. He had a white family living in West Port, Missouri, and two Indian families on the plains, at old Fort Bent on the Arkansas river. There were a lot of Indian families lying around the stage stations that were worse than those on the war path. There were three of old Colonel Bent's

boys, two of them belonging to the Cheyenne family and one to the Arapahoe. Their names were Bob, Charley and George, and there were two girls. They had all been back to the States to school and could read and write some, but when they came back on the plains and painted up in war paint and dressed like the rest of the Indians you could not tell them from any others of their tribe. These three boys were always out with war parties and were the worst Indians on the plains. The girls' names were Mary and Jule. Now I will not deny the fact, Jule was my first (and only?) sweetheart. She helped me herd the mules all summer and when I was wounded was always good to me. If you would like to know more about Jule, buy the book called "Beuel Hampton." I laid the plot of this book in this country; a perusal of it will tell you all and more than I can write now.

There was a man by the name of Wynkoop who lived in Denver at that time and there is a street in Denver named for him. He was alright. When the Indians got too bad down on the Platte river or down on the Smoky Route he would gather up a lot of men around Denver. Sometimes he would have 40 men and sometimes more. He would go out on the roads, drive the Indians off and kill all he could just for fun and get what horses he could. He was alright and I'll tell you why. He did what the government could not or would not do.

In the summer of '64 he came to the Dodge Station with about thirty-five men. We did not know what he wanted or where he was going. The next morning he took his company and crossed the river and went south. He was gone seven or eight days when one day all at once we could see the whole country south of the river alive with Indians and we thought our time had come. There were over two thousand Indians in sight and only four of us at the station. But we soon saw that Wynkoop and his company of rangers were with them and we soon found out what he went south for. It was to get a little white girl by the name of Maudy Fletcher.

She and her mother were captured from a train of emigrants the summer of '63 and she had been with the Indians about one year. Soon after they had been taken prisoners one tribe had taken the mother and one the child. The little girl never had seen or heard from her mother again. Now just how Wynkoop found out that the Indians had this girl I do not know. He went over south and pretended to make a treaty with them. He told them that he had a big train load of Indian goods back on the Arkansas river and if they would give him the girl he would send the train right there to camp. He thought to get the girl and get out of the country, so the

Indians made the trade. They gave him the girl but did not wait for him to send the train. They were too sharp for that. They took him and all of his men prisoners and the whole outfit came to the river with him. Now here is where the trouble came in; Wynkoop had no goods and never did have, so when he got to the river and the Indians found no goods you can see the kind of a box we were all in. But as good luck would have it, old Colonel Bent had a train-load of Indian goods down the river about thirty miles on the way to Mexico. When Wynkoop found this out he sent most of his men down the river and made the wagon-master of Bent's train pull through to Dodge. Then he unloaded the goods and gave them to the Indians and they thought it was a square deal. Now if the train-load of goods had not been there the Indians would have killed the last one of us and taken the little girl back. As it was, they took the goods and went back south again and Wynkoop had all the fun he wanted. He left the little girl with us and a bill of \$27,000 for the government to pay for the goods.

This was not so bad for the government as it was for the boys at the station, for the little girl had no clothes; her wardrobe consisted of one small blanket and one other garment; she was bare-headed and bare-footed. We were so much bigger that our clothes did not fit her very close, but by cutting them short she put them on and wore them until we could send to Spanish Peak, where there were some Mexican women, for some clothes. It was seven or eight days before they came and when they did come you could hide her in them. Some of the boys told her to dress up and put on all the style she wanted to and if the Indians came back all she would have to do was to slip up or down in her new clothes and they would never find her. She stayed with us boys at the station for a few days and as she did not know of any relative, she was sent to Washington and became a ward of the United States. She was about nine or ten years old at that time. I heard afterwards that she got a large amount of money from the government, and I hope she did.

This was in the summer of 1864 and I stayed there until February 1865, when I came to Denver in March. I went from Denver to Fort Sedgwick, Colorado, and was transferred to Fort Laramie, in what is now called Wyoming, but what was then called Dakota. We got to Fort Laramie April 2, 1865.

How strange it seems for some people to want to be called pioneers of Wyoming. The other day I met a man and talked a few minutes to him. He told me all about the early days here in Wyoming and all about the Indians and bad men he

had met. In the course of our talk he called himself a pioneer twice so I asked him what year he came to Wyoming. He said he came to Cheyenne in March 1883 and said you bet Cheyenne was a hummer, full of bad men and Indians all around the outside. Well, I smiled down the back of my neck when I thought how much safer a man's life was in Cheyenne than it was in New York City on a dark night of '83. The fact of it is, the bad men came from the east. Fighting men are not bad men, and besides, this country was well settled and no Indians running at large in 1883. It was all in his mind.

I may be mistaken about the word pioneer but I will tell you of one winter that I spent in Wyoming, called Dakota then. We loaded our ox, or called in those days bull, train at Julesburg, Colorado, late in the fall and started for Fort Reno, on Powder River, and Fort Phil Kearney, on Little Pine River. Going across from the Platte River to the Dry Cheyenne we were struck by a blizzard that lasted for three days. It was so bad that we could not hold the work cattle so when it did clear up there was nothing in sight but our camp and snow. Five of us took some grub and one blanket apiece on our backs and started out afoot to bring back what we could find of the work bulls. The first day's tramp we found about seventy-five head, the next day by noon we had overtaken about one-half of them. They were along the trail working back to the Platte River. Our grub was getting short so three of the boys turned back on the same trail to gather up the cattle we passed the day before.

Gail Hill and I kept on towards the Platte and that night we camped about five miles from the river. The next day we found all of the cattle on the north side of the river in the bad lands. We had no grub but had found what we started out for and were happy. We gathered the bulls up and put them in the timber. That night, one at a time, we stood guard and the next morning we started back to the train. The cattle did not drive well but we stayed with them and about three o'clock in the afternoon we met two of the boys from camp coming to help us and bringing some grub which looked good and came in very handy just about that time.

We drove the bulls along until late at night, then we stood guard until daylight and started on to camp. We arrived late that day. The next day we saw that we could not make Powder River as it was in December and the bulls were too poor after the storm. We hooked up and pulled back to and crossed the Platte River. There were thirty-six teams in the train loaded with sixty to sixty-five hundred to the wagon. We went into winter quarters just above the mouth of the La Prele River. This was the winter of '67-'68. A few days after

we made camp another bull train came up the river and camped with us. This train belonged to a man by the name of Colonel Shanks. He saw that he could not go any further until spring, so they put both herds together, and picked five men from each train to stay with the cattle until spring. Colonel Shanks took one team, six yoke, of the stronger bulls in the outfit and took all of the extra men down the North Platte river to Julesburg and up the South Platte to Denver, as you could not discharge a man out on the plains in those days. I will give the names of the ten of us left with the cattle:

James Lob was the boss; Thomas Ramsey, killed on Deer creek during the winter; Alick McGuffey, killed on Deer creek '67-'68; Gail Hill, Curley Dolen, Thomas Reed, George Sigmore, James Hubler, killed by Indians on Bitter creek in '68; Charlie Stord, killed on North Platte river winter of '67-'68, and George Lathrop.

We stayed in camp there until the soldiers came to build Fort Fetterman. Major Macadam was in command of the troops. Captain O'Brien, who later lived in Douglas, Wyoming, was a sergeant with these soldiers and helped to build the new fort. We were not there long after the soldiers came until the Major thought we were too close for comfort. He said we would cause the Indians to come around so he sent orders for us to move three miles away. We did not go for some days so he sent about twenty soldiers to drive our cattle off and then we had to move. We went up the river about five miles and camped there about two weeks and then moved up to the Bottom Lands, afterwards called the Hay Reserve.

One day when all seemed safe and tranquil, Charles Stord took his gun and went across the river to kill a buffalo. He did not get far out of the timber in the opening when the Indians rode out right behind him, opened fire and killed him. They cut his scalp off and took his gun. By the time we got our guns and crossed the river the Indians were a mile away. We had not seen any Indians for several days and did not think there were any around. We buried Charlie right where he fell in about one hour after he was killed and I don't believe there is another man in Wyoming today who knows where that grave is. We then moved up the river above the mouth of Deer creek. Here they gave us another call and took every horse and mule—nineteen head in all. Then, as we were afoot, we moved back to the mouth of Deer creek again. We had not been in that camp three or four days when the Indians slipped in on us and took seventeen head of cattle. They tried to drive them across on the ice and we heard them out on the river but knew we would do well to hold what we had left. In the morning we found the seventeen

head all dead. The ice had broken through and they had all perished in the cold water. It was not deep enough to drown them but they could not climb out on the ice.

Then we thought we would move to a safer place so we moved up on Deer creek. We did not waste time as we had done before to go ahead and put up a log corral to put our tepee up in but moved that afternoon. We were not fixed to receive callers but they had been watching us and knew just how we were fixed, so they gave us a call while we were eating a late dinner. We put our tepee between the creek and a steep bluff under some big cottonwood trees. The Indians came out on top of this bluff and opened fire right into the tepee. They killed Thomas Ramsey and Alick McGuffy. The rest of us grabbed our guns and ran to the top of the bluff. We fired a few shots but it did no good for the Indians were too far away, so all that we could do was to bury our dead that evening. They are buried not far above where the railroad crosses Deer creek, right in the Careyhurst alfalfa field. I could see the place from the train the last time I went up to Casper. They are both buried in the same grave.

We then started to move along the foot of the mountains east. About the first of March we got back on the La Prele river, where we expected to camp until grass started, but Commander Macadam thought we were too close again so he sent us orders to go. But we would not go unless he would receive the government freight that the trains were loaded with and which had been in camp all winter at the mouth of the La Prele river. He said he would receive and receipt for it and we were all glad to get out of the country, as we had had enough of it in the last two years and a half, and enough of Indians.

We then moved down on the La Prele and here I must tell something on myself. One day George Sigemore and I were out on the bluffs below camp when we saw a man coming up the river and we thought we would have some fun with him and see how fast his horse would run. So we hid in the rocks until he got a little past us, then we began to shoot and halloo like Indians. But he did not run worth a cent. He pulled his horse around, slid off and was ready for fight. Then it was our time to take a sneak, and we did. I guess if he is alive yet he thinks he had a narrow escape from Indians. That day we both thought we did well to get into camp with the tops of our heads in the right place and no holes in our bread baskets.

After the fight with the Indians at Fort Fetterman I hired to a big freight outfit bound for Salt Lake City so I whacked an eight mule team to Zion, as the Mormons called Salt Lake

City or Utah at that time. On my arrival in Brigham's country and after unloading the mule wagons and drawing my pay, the latter being very important, I took a look at the tabernacle and the city in general and was surprised to see what Brigham and the twelve apostles had done with the Desert. While wandering around looking at the stores and reading the strange signs over the doors, my attention was called to one, reading, "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, Holiness to the Lord." My curiosity was aroused and wishing to know how they dished out "holiness" I stepped inside and in looking around the store I found from all appearance, "holiness" was mostly kept in bottles. A mormon-looking chap told me that the bottles contained Valley Tan, and on my asking what it cost to sample the Tan he said, "One drink for 50 cents, or three for a dollar." For a starter I invested 50 cents, and after it got to working on me I felt that I could whip all the Sioux Indians on the plains or any of the bull-whackers who had been in the habit of talking back to me. I want to tell you that Valley Tan was the forty-rod stuff.

In order to be sociable, I invited an "elder" looking chap to have a drink with me, and he told me that the stuff was made from wheat and potatoes; I said I thought it was made of horned toads and Rocky Mountain rattlesnakes, judging from the way it agitated me. I tell you that it put a fellow in the brave column all right. Of course I felt like fighting something or somebody and after I had zipped out two or three war-like whoops a fellow tapped me on the shoulder and whispered in my ear that I was not posted on their ways of silent dreams and blood atonement nor was I of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day saints. He said the sign of the Pick and Spade meant they were the proper implements for digging a grave and advised me to be a little less hilarious. His hint made a profound impression on me, and the jubilant effects of the Valley Tan having begun to subside, I concluded that as soon as I had seen Brother Brigham, a few of the "twelve" and perhaps one or two of the "saintesses," I would pull out for Southern California or Nevada. In a short time I ran across a man named Kinkaid who had a fine mule team, but was minus a mule skinner, so I tied to him for a trip to San Bernardino, California.

On our way through southern Utah with the mule train we passed through many Mormon settlements, one being the Mountain Meadow settlement where, I was told, one hundred and fifty Missouri emigrants, men, women and children, were massacred on orders of Brigham Young. Only one little girl remained of the whole train. It was said that the emigrants

had with them the finest horses and cattle that had ever come west up to that time; they were on their way to Southern California when they were waylaid and murdered.

I had met such men as John D. Lee, Bill Hickman and Porter Rockwell and when I was in Salt Lake in 1879 Lee was arrested, tried and convicted; as the laws of Utah give a fellow the pleasure (?) of choosing the manner in which he makes his exit, hanging, shooting or beheading, Lee opined he would prefer shooting, so his executioners accommodated him, and he was duly shot.

My trip to San Bernardino did not amount to much, as after we left the Mormon settlements what Indians we saw were the Pah Utes, a lazy lot who never bothered us, knowing we were well armed. California was not exactly to my taste, and as it happened that I got acquainted with a man named Withington who was going over into Nevada with a herd of cattle, I hired out to him for a year to look after his stock on White River. This was no more of a river than the Runningwater is at Lusk as there are no streams that head in the state of Nevada, and none run or empty out of the state but all sink in the desert sand.

In 1869 I met my good friend, Luke Voorhees, near White Pine, a great silver mining camp at that time, as was also Virginia City. The latter, in those days, beat the world as a fast rip-roaring, wide-open town, with gambling to beat all creation. Any man who could not drink whiskey, gamble and fight, was usually run out of the country as a bad character.

Learning that Gilmer and Salisbury were going to send a herd of cattle through to Wyoming for Mr. Voorhees, and as I told them that I knew him, I was put in charge of the herd which I delivered to him at Raw Hide Buttes in the fall of 1879. As I had had a good deal of experience in stage driving I found a ready opening with Mr. Voorhees, general manager of the Cheyenne Black-Hills Stage and Express Company, on the Black-Hills-Cheyenne-Deadwood route, which strongly appealed to me as there were the old exciting times which were almost second nature to your humble servant.

In the spring of 1880 I was driving on the Cheyenne and Black Hills stage line out of Cheyenne, and between there and Fort Laramie. I tell you I had some dandy six horse teams. Each horse had his own harness that was not used on any other horse, as the company had a set of harness for each team. When my teams went into the station the harness was thoroughly cleaned as well as the horses. I was usually said to be the best kicker on the route about clean harness and horses. I was always proud of them. Another trouble I had was that all the passengers wanted to ride with the

driver. I recollect one morning in loading the coach at Cheyenne, Alex Swan, John Sparks, G. B. Godelle and R. S. Van Tassell, all big cattle men at that time, each telling the other that he had the seat beside the driver engaged and that it made them sea sick to ride inside the coach. There was a man in the crowd by the name of Goldsmith, a cattle man, so they agreed to leave it to Goldsmith to decide who should ride by the side of the driver, each one of the crowd insisting to Goldsmith that he should have the seat, and in their argument they would offer him a cigar and also something out of a bottle. This affected Goldsmith so much that he concluded he was the best man and should have the coveted seat, so he climbed up leaving the crowd to get inside or not go that day.

Nearly all of the early men who owned large herds in Wyoming rode with me at different times. They were great big hearted men; so few of them alive now. My experiences for the five or six years of my stage driving were, to me at least, interesting. Mr. Russell Thorp, Sr., bought out the stage line of the Black Hills company and I continued to handle the reins for him and had many interesting men ride with me. When Mr. Thorp pulled off the stage line from Cheyenne north, it was a great day for me, I would not have exchanged places with Grover Cleveland. Our photographs were taken, Mr. Jenks' (Mr. Voorhees' father-in-law) Mr. Whitcomb's and many others. It was a great day!

Mr. Coutant, in getting up such doings and accounts of the country as I was able to give him, rode with me many times and took notes which I used to think would fill a half dozen big books. I was sorry he did not live to complete his history of Wyoming for such men as High B. Kelley and E. W. Whitcomb had told him a lot of good history, as Mr. Kelley had crossed the plains in 1849. His story as to the name of Rawhide Buttes was, about as I recollect it, this way: A young man from Pike county, Missouri, had boasted that he would shoot the first Indian he saw on the plains. The young fellow had forgotten about it for the first month from the Missouri river. On his attention being called to his boast one day about the first of June, 1849, near the mouth of Rawhide creek, he saw a camp of a few Indians on the Platte river and the d—n fool shot one of them. That caused a lot of trouble as the Indians demanded the young man at once, else they would attack the train, consisting of some thirty wagons of California gold hunters, men and women. The man was surrendered to the Indians who, in broad day light, tied and skinned him alive. It seems that while the poor fellow fainted a number of times he lived till they had him nearly skinned. That, Hi said, was what originated the name "Rawhide." I

tell you a fellow gets tired talking about himself, and this story about the Indians skinning the fellow was Hi Kelley's yarn.

After the Cheyenne & Northern Railroad was built Mr. Thorp had to quit staging. There was a mail contract let from Wendover to Lusk across the country by Rawhide Buttes. Mr. and Mrs. Lowrey lived there and I made my home with them. The mail route was discontinued so I was out of a job. I put in four years for Mr. Voorhees on a stage route from Rawlins to South Slater, Colorado. After this contract was finished I came back with the stock and outfit to Rawhide Buttes, where I went to work for Mr. Voorhees and Mr. Gill in the copper mines.

I tell you, boys, it was sort of lonesome at times. As I said, a fellow gets tired talking to himself as well as talking about himself, so I will wind up this yarn and say, "So long, Boys!"

(The End)

Note from George H. Voorhees, Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1-18-26:

"George Lathrop did not finish writing this narrative. My father, Luke Voorhees, finished it from notes given him by George."

STATEMENT BY

JOHN SINCLAIR

Relative to the Rescue of

The Donner Party

Made in Sacramento, 1847



STATEMENT MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR

Relative to the Rescue of

THE DONNER PARTY

Sacramento Valley,
Rancho del Paso, Feb. 1847,
Fort Sutter.

The following brief sketch of the sufferings of the emigrants who endeavored, at different times, to reach the valley from the mountains, where they had been caught by the snow in October 1846; is drawn up at the request of the survivors with whom I have held several conversations on the subject and from a few short notes handed me by W. H. Eddy, one of the survivors of the party. Such as they are and hastily thrown together I place them at your disposal.

On the first of November 1846 Patrick Brin, Patrick Dolan, —Keysburg, and W. H. Eddy left their cabins and attempted to cross the dividing mountain, but owing to the softness and depth of the snow, they were obliged to return to the cabins. On the third day they tried it again, taking with them Mrs. Reed and family, Mr. Stauton and two Indians who were in the employ of Mr. Sutter, but after being out one day and night they returned. On the twelfth day Mr. Graves and two daughters, Mrs. Fosdick, Foster, Eddy, Stauton, Schuemacher, and two Mexicans and the two Indians started on another trial, but met with no better success. Not discouraged and impelled by the increasing scarcity of provisions at the cabins; on the 20th day they tried it again and succeeded in crossing the divide; but found it was impossible for them to proceed for the want of a guide. Mr. Stauton had refused to allow the Indians to accompany them on account of not being able to bring the mules out with them, which Mr. Stauton had taken there with provisions from J. A. Sutters, previous to the falling of the snow.

Here again were their great hopes blasted and they again turned with heavy hearts towards their miserable cabins. Mrs. Murphy, daughter and two sons were of the party.

During the interval between this last attempt and the next, there came on a storm and the snow fell to the depth of eight feet. In the midst of the storm two young men started to go to another party of emigrants (twenty four in number)

distant about eight miles. It was known at the commencement of the storm that they had no cabins built. Neither had they killed their cattle as they still had hopes of being able to cross the mountains. As the two young men never returned it is supposed they perished in the storm and it is the opinion of those who have arrived here that the party to whom they were going must have all perished.

On the 16th of December, expecting they would be able to reach the settlements in ten days, Messrs. Grant, Fosdick, Dolan, Foster, Eddy, Stanton, L. Murphy (13 years old), Antonio, a Mexican; with Mrs. Fosdick, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Pike, Mrs. McCutcheon, and Miss Graves with the two Indians before mentioned, having prepared themselves with snow shoes, again started on their perilous undertaking determined to succeed or perish.

Those who have ever made the attempt to walk with snowshoes will be able to realize the difficulty they experienced. On first starting the snow being too light and loose even with their showshoes, they sank twelve inches at every step. However they succeeded in making about four miles that day. On the 17th they crossed the divide after considerable difficulty and fatigue, making about five miles, the snow on the divide being about twelve feet deep. The next day they made six miles and on the following, the 19th, five miles, it having snowed all day. On the 20th the sun rose clear and beautiful and cheered by its sparkling rays, they pursued their weary way.

From the first day Mr. Stanton could not keep up with them but always reached their camp by the time they got their fire built and prepared for passing the night. This day they travelled eight miles and encamped early. As the shades of evening gathered around them many an anxious glance was cast back through the deepening gloom for Mr. Stanton, but he came not. Before morning the weather became stormy and at daylight they started and went about four miles where they encamped and agreed to wait and see if Mr. Stanton would come up. But that night his place was again vacant by their cheerless fire, while he, I suppose, had escaped from all further suffering and lay wrapped in his winding sheet of snow.

On the 22nd the storm still continued and they remained in camp until the 23rd when they again started. Although the storm continued they travelled eight miles and encamped in a deep valley. Here the appearance of the whole country was so different from what had been represented to them (probably by Mr. Stanton) that they came to the conclusion that they were lost, and the two Indians on whom they had

placed all their confidence seemed bewildered. In this situation they consulted together and concluded they would go on trusting in Providence rather than return to their miserable cabins.

They were also at this time without provisions and partly agreed, with the exception of Mr. Foster, that in case of necessity they would cast lots to determine who should die to save the remainder from starvation.

During the whole of the night it rained and snowed very heavily and by morning the snow had so increased that they could not travel, while to add to their sufferings their fire had been put out by the rains and all their efforts to light another was a failure.

How heartrending must have been the situation at this time, as they looked upon each other shivering and shrinking from the pitiless storm. They must have thought of the home they left but a few months in the States, with the great hope of bettering themselves. Where were the green flowering plains which they had heard of, dreamed of, and anticipated, beholding in the month of January in California? Many of that little party were never to see that Land of Promise. Already death was in their midst. Antonio died about 9 A. M. and about 11 o'clock that night Mr. Graves died. The feelings of the rest may be imagined on seeing two of their small party removed by death in a few hours from among them, while the thought must have struck home to the bosom of every one of them that they would soon follow.

In this critical situation the presence of mind of Mr. Eddy suggested a plan, for keeping themselves warm, which has been common among the trappers of the Rocky Mountains when caught in the snow without a fire. It is simply to spread a blanket on the snow when the party (if small) with the exception of one sit down upon it in a circle closely as possible, then place their feet upon one another in the centre, room being left for the person who has to complete the arrangement. As many blankets as necessary are then spread over the heads of the party, the ends being held down by pieces of wood or snow. After everything is completed the person outside takes his place in the circle. As the snow falls it closes up the pores of the blanket while the breath of those underneath soon causes a comfortable warmth. It was with a great deal of difficulty that Mr. Eddy succeeded in getting them to adopt this simple plan which was undoubtedly the means of saving their lives at this time. In this situation they remained thirty-six hours.

On the twenty-fifth about 4 P. M. Patrick Dolan died. He had been for some time delirious and escaped from under the

shelter when he stripped off his hat, coat and boots and exposed himself to the storm. Mr. Eddy tried to force him back but his strength was unequal to the task. He however, afterward returned of his own accord and laid outside the shelter. They finally succeeded in dragging him inside. On the 26th Lee Murphy died after being delirious and kept under the shelter only by the united efforts of the party.

In the afternoon of the 25th they succeeded in getting fire started in a dry pine tree. Having been four entire days without food and since the month of October on short allowance there was now but two alternatives left them—either die or keep life in the living by eating the bodies of the dead, slowly and reluctantly they adopted the alternative.

On the 27th they took the flesh from the bodies of the dead and on that and two succeeding days they remained in camp drying the meat and preparing to pursue their journey.

On the 30th they left this melancholy spot where so many of their friends and relatives had perished, and with heavy hearts and dark foreboding of the future pursued their pathless course through the new fallen snow and made about five miles. The next day they covered about six miles.

January 1st 1847 was one of the most fatiguing days journey which they had. They were compelled to climb a mountain which they represented as nearly perpendicular. To accomplish this they were obliged to take advantage of every rock, or clef and pull themselves up by the bushes growing in the crevices. On the second day they found they could go without snow-shoes which however gave them little relief, their feet being so badly frozen by this time that every step was marked by blood and the toes of one of the Indians had dropped off at the first joint.

They were again without provisions and on the 3rd travelled seven miles and at night had only the rawhide strings of their snow shoes to eat. Sometime during the night of the fourth the Indians left them. No doubt fearful to remain lest they be sacrificed for food for the rest of the party. Poor fellows they stood the pangs of hunger two days longer than their white fellow travellers before they tasted of human flesh.

On the morning of the 5th the party took the trail of the Indians following their blood stained steps. After having travelled about a mile they discovered fresh foot prints of deer in the snow. Mr. Eddy, who had a rifle started with Miss Graves in advance hoping to fall in with them. This they did, fortunately, and succeeded in killing one after travelling about eight miles at the foot of the mountain. That night Foster and wife, Mrs. Pike and Mrs. McCutcheon encamped on the top of the mountain not being able to get

to where Mr. Eddy was with the deer. Mr. Fosdick and his wife remained about a mile back from them. On the next day they got what remained of the deer to the top of the mountain and two of them went back to look for Fosdick; but he was at that time dead, having died about eleven P. M. His wife had laid by his side that lonely night and prayed that death might relieve her from suffering, but in vain. The flesh was taken from the bones of poor Fosdick and brought into camp, but there was one who tasted not of it, his poor wife.

On the 7th and 8th they made only about two and a half miles, going down one mountain and over another. On the 9th day after travelling four miles they fell in with the two Indians. Salvador was dead. Lewis had crawled to a stream of water and lain down to drink. They raised him up and offered him some food. He tried to eat but could not and lived only about an hour. Being nearly out of anything to eat and knowing not how far they might be from any settlement they took the flesh of the Indians with them.

On the 10th and the 11th they made about seventeen miles. Falling in with an Indian trail they concluded they would follow it, which they did and on the 12th day fell in with some of the Indians, who treated them kindly, gave them some acorns and put them on another trail. After travelling four miles in a heavy rain storm they came to more Indians with whom they stopped the remainder of that day and the next.

The next two days they made about seventeen miles. On the 17th, after walking two or three miles with an Indian for a pilot, Mr. Fowler and the woman gave out, their feet being swollen to such a degree that they could go no further.

Mr. Eddy, it seems, stood the fatigue of the journey better than any of them and assisted by the two Indians reached the Bear Creek settlement, that evening, in the Sacramento Valley. The inhabitants being informed of the condition of the party behind immediately started with provisions and reached them that night about twelve o'clock. On the morning of the 16th others started with horses and brought them to the settlement where they were treated with every mark of kindness by the Inhabitants.

John Sinclair.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

The following is an extract of a letter written by Geo. McKinstry in 1847.

Captain E. Kern informed of the men sent up from this place to the assistance of the sufferers when we were informed of their situation.

I will again give you a list of their names, as I think they ought to be recorded in letters of gold, Aquila Glover, R. S. Montrey, Daniel Rhodes, John Rhodes, Daniel Tucker, Joseph Sel, and Edward Capymier.

Mr. Glover, who was put in charge of this little brave band of men, returns to me his journal from which I extract the following:

On the 13th of February 1847 our party arrived at the Bear River Valley. On the 14th we remained in camp preparing packs and provisions. 15th left Bear River Valley and travelled fifteen miles and camped on the Yuba River. 16th travelled five miles and camped on the Yuba River. 16th travelled three miles and stopped to make snow shoes. 17th travelled five miles and camped on the Yuba River. Snow fifteen feet deep and dry and soft. 18th travelled eight miles and camped on the head of the Yuba River. 19th travelled nine miles, crossed the summit of the California mountains and reached part of the suffering company about sundown, in camp near the Truckee Lake.

Mr. Glover informed me that he found them in a most deplorable condition, entirely beyond description. Ten of their number had already died from starvation and he thinks several others will die in camp as they are too low to resuscitate. The whole party had been living on the hides of the oxen four weeks. On the morning of the 20th the whole party went down to the camp of George Donner, eight miles below the first camp, and found them with but one ox hide left. They had come to the conclusion that when that was gone to dig up the bodies of those who had died from starvation and use them as food. When the party had arrived at the camp, they were obliged to guard the little stock of provisions they had carried over the mountain on foot for the relief of the poor beings, as they were in such a starving condition that they would have used up the small amount immediately. They even stole the buckskin strings from the snow-shoes and ate them. This little brave band of men immediately left with

twenty-one persons, principally women and children for the settlements. They left all the food they could spare with those (twenty-nine in number) that they were obliged to leave behind, and promised them they would immediately return to their assistance.

They were successful in bringing all safely over the mountains. Four of the children they had to carry on their backs. The rest walked. On their arrival at the Bear River Valley they met a small party with provisions that Captain Kern had sent for their relief. The same day they met Mr. Reed with fifteen on foot packed with provisions, who this have reached the sufferers. Lieutenant Woodworth was going ahead with a full force and will visit every mountain camp, and see that every person is brought out. Mr. Greenwood was three days behind Mr. Reed with the horses. Captain Kern will remain in camp with the Indians and soldiers to guard the provisions and horses and will send the sufferers down to the post as soon as possible where they will be received by Captain J. A. Sutter with all of the hospitality for which he is so justly celebrated.

In the meantime Captain Sutter will keep up communication with Captain Kern so as to be ready to assist him on all occasions.

Mr. Glover informed me that the wagons belonging to the emigrants were buried some fifteen feet deep under the snow. He thinks it will be three weeks from this date before Lieutenant Woodworth can arrive at this fort. Mr. Glover left the party at Bear River Valley on express as I had written him by the second party of the death of one of his family and the severe illness of his wife. The balance of the party will reach here in some four or five days. The weather is fine and we have no doubt but that Lieutenant Woodworth will be able to bring all left on the mountains.

Copy of a Journal, left by a suffering emigrant on the California Mountains, from October 31st, 1846 to March 1st, 1847.

Truckee Lake, Nov. 20th, 1846. Came to this place the 31st of last month. Went into the pass as the snow was so deep we could not find the road and within three miles from the summit turned back to this shanty on Truckee. Stanton came up one day after we arrived here. We again took out

teams and wagons and made another unsuccessful attempt to cross with Stanton. We returned to the shanty, it continuing to snow all the time. We now have killed most of our cattle, having to remain here until spring and live on lean beef, without bread or salt. It snowed during the next eight days with little intermission after our arrival here—though now clear and pleasant—freezing at night. The snow nearly gone from the valleys—21st. Fine morning. Wind N. W. 22 of our company about to start to cross the mountains this day including Stanton and his Indians—23rd. Froze hard last night, fine and clear today. No word from those on the mountains.—23rd. Same weather, wind W., the expedition across the mountains returned after an unsuccessful attempt.—25th., cloudy, looks like the eve of a snow storm. Our mountaineers are to make another trial tomorrow if fair—but froze hard last night.—26th. Began to snow last evening. Now rains or sleets. The party does not start today.—29th., still snowing, now about three feet deep, wind W., killed my last oxen today; gave another to Foster; wood hard to get.—30th. Snowing fast, looks as likely to continue as when it commenced; no living things without wings can get about.—December 1st. Still snowing, wind W.; snow about six or six and a half feet deep; very difficult to get wood and we are housed up completely; our cattle all killed but two or three and those with the horses and Stanton's mules all supposed to be lost in the snow; no hopes of finding them alive.—3rd ceased snowing; cloudy all day; warm enough to thaw.—5th., beautiful sunshine; thawing a little; looks delightful after long storm; snow seven to eight feet deep.—6th., the morning fine and clear; Stanton and Graves manufacturing snow shoes for another mountain scramble; no account of the mules.—8th., fine weather, froze hard last night; wind S. W. hard work to find wood to keep us warm or to cook our beef.—9th. Commenced snowing about 11 o'clock, wind N. W. took in Spitzer yesterday, so weak that he cannot rise without help, caused by starvation. Soke have a scanty supply of beef. Stanton is trying to get some for himself and Indians; not likely to get much.—10th. Snowed all night with heavy squalls of wind; continues to snow about seven feet in depth.—13th, snows faster than any previous day. Stanton and Graves with several others making preparations to cross the mountains on snow shoes. Snow eight feet deep on a level.—16th. Fair and pleasant, froze hard last night; the company started on snow shoes to cross the mountains. Wind S. E.—17th, pleasant. William Murphy returned from the mountain party last evening. Balis Williams died night before last. Milton and Noah started for

Donners eight days ago not returned; think they are lost in the snow.—19th snowed last night, thawing today. Wind N. W. a little singular for a thaw. 20th, clear and pleasant day; Mrs. Reed here; no account from Milton yet; Charles Berger set out for Donners; turned back, unable to proceed; tough times but not discouraged. Our hopes are in God, Amen.—21st Milton got back last night from Donners camp; sad news. Jacob Donner, Sammel Shoemaker, Rinehart and Smith are dead, the rest of them are in a low condition. Snowed all night with a strong S. W. wind.—23rd clear today; Milton took some of his meat away; all well at camp. Began this day to read thirty day prayers. *Almighty God* grant the requests of unworthy sinners. 24th rained all night and still continues; poor prospects of any kind of comfort spiritual or temporal. 25th began to snow yesterday and snowed all night and snows rapidly; extremely difficult to find wood; offered our prayers to God this Christmas morning; the prospects are appalling, but we must trust in *Him*. 27th cleared off yesterday and continues clear. Snow nine feet deep; wood very scarce; a tree when felled sinks into the snow and is hard to get out. 30th fine and clear morning; froze hard last night. Charles Berger died last night about 10 o'clock. 31st last of year. May we with the help of *God* spend the coming year better than we have the past, which we propose to do if it is the will of the Almighty to deliver us from the present dreadful situation. Amen. Morning fair but cloudy, wind E by S; looks like another snow storm. Snow storms are dreadful to us; the snow at present very deep. Jany. 1st, 1847. We pray the God of mercy to deliver us from our present calamity if it be His Holy will. Commenced snowing last night and snows a little yet; provisions very scant; dug up a hide from under the snow yesterday. Have not commenced on it yet. 3rd. Fair during the day, freezing at night; Mrs. Reed talks of crossing the mountains with her children.—4th. Fine morning, looks like spring; Mrs. Reed and Virginia, Milton Elliot and Eliza Williams started a short time ago with the hope of crossing the mountains, left the children here—it was difficult for Mrs. Reed to part with them.—6th Eliza came back from the mountains yesterday evening not being able to proceed, others kept ahead.—8th, very cold this morning; Mrs. Reed and the others came back; could not find the way on the other side of the mountains; they have nothing but hides to live on.—10th, began to snow last night, still continues. Wind W. N. W. 13th. Snowing fast—snow higher than shanty; it must be thirteen feet deep; cannot get wood this morning; it is a dreadful sight for us to look upon. 14th. Cleared off yesterday; the sun shining brilliantly renovates

our spirits, praises be to the God of Heaven. 15th. Clear day again, wind N. W. Mrs. Murphy blind (snow blind.) Lantren not able to get wood. Has but one axe between him and Keysburg; it looks like another storm—expecting some account from Sutters soon. 17th. Eliza Williams came here this morning; Lantren crazy last night, provisions short, hides our main subsistence. May Almighty God send us help. 21st. Fine morning. John Battise and Mr. Denten came this morning with Eliza; she will not eat hide, Mrs. ——— sent her back to live or die on them. 22nd began to snow after sunrise; likely to continue; wind W. 23rd, blew hard and snowed all night. The most severe storm we have experienced this winter. Wind W. 26th. Cleared up yesterday, today fine and pleasant. Wind W. In hopes we have done with snow storms; those who started for Sutters not yet returned; provisions getting scant; people getting weak living on a small allowance of hides.—27th. Commenced snowing yesterday; still continues today. Lewis (Sutters Indian) died three days ago. Wood getting scarce. Don't have enough to cook our ox hides.—30th, fair and pleasant. Wind W. thawing in the sun; John and Edward Breen went to Graves this morning.

The ——— seized on Mrs. ——— goods until they should be paid; they also took the hides which she and her family subsisted on. She regained two pieces only. The balance they have taken. You may judge what our fare is in camp; there is nothing to be had by hunting, yet perhaps there soon will be.—31st. The sun does not shine out brilliant this morning; froze hard last night. Wind N. W. Lantren Murphy died last night about one o'clock. Mr. Reed went to Graves this morning to look after goods.

February 5th snowed hard last night until two o'clock. Many uneasy for fear we shall all perish with hunger; we have but a little meat left and only three hides. Mrs. Reed has nothing but one ox hide and that is on Graves house to keep the snow out. Milton lives there and will likely keep that. Eddy's child died last night.—5th. It snowed faster last night and today than it has at any time this winter before. Still continues without intermission. Wind S. W. Murphy's folks and Keysburg say they cannot eat hides. I wish we had hides enough to eat. Mrs. Eddy is very weak; ceased to snow last night; it is quite pleasant. McCutcheon's child died on the second of this month. 8th. Fine clear morning. Spitzer died last night, we shall bury him in the snow. Mrs. Eddy died on the night of the 7th, 9th. Mr. Pike's child almost dead. Milton is at Murphy's unable to get out of bed; Keysburg never gets up, says he is not able. Mrs. Eddy and her child were buried today. Wind S. E. 10th.

Beautiful morning, thawing in the sun. Milton Elliot died last night at Murphy's shanty. Mrs. Reed went there this morning to see after her effects. J. Denton trying to borrow meat from Graves; had none to give; they had nothing but hides. All are entirely out of meat but a little we have, hides are nearly eaten up, but with God's help spring will soon smile upon us. 12th. Warm and thawing morning. 14th. Fine morning, but cold; buried Milton in the snow. John Denton not well. 18th Morning, cloudy until nine o'clock, then cleared off warm. Mrs. ——— refused to give Mrs. ——— any hides; put Sutters pack hides on her shanty and would not let her have them. 16th. Commenced to rain last evening but turned to snow during the night and continued until morning; weather very changeable. Sunshine then light showers of hail and wind at times. We all feel very unwell. The snow is not getting much less at present.—19th Froze hard last night. Seven men arrived from California yesterday evening with provisions but left the greater part on the way; today it is clear and warm for this region. Some of the men have gone to Donner's camp. They will start back on Monday. 22nd. The California started this morning, twenty-four in number, some in a very weak state. Mrs. Keysburg started with them and left Keysburg here unable to go. Buried Mr. Pike's child this morning in the snow. It died two days ago.—23rd Froze hard last night. Today pleasant and thawing, has the appearance of Spring, all but the deep snow. Wind S. S. E. Shot a dog today and stripped his flesh. 25th. Today Mrs. Murphy says the wolves are about to dig up the dead bodies around her shanty and the nights are too cold to watch them but we hear them howl. 26th. Hungry times in camp. Plenty of hides but the folks will not eat them. We ate them with tolerable good appetite, thanks be to the Almighty God. Mrs. Murphy said here yesterday that she thought she would commence on Milton and eat him. I do not think she has done so yet,—it is distressing. The Donners told the California folks four days ago that they would commence on the dead people if they did not succeed that day or the next in finding their cattle then ten or twelve feet under the snow and did not know the spot or near it, they have done it ere this. 28th. One solitary Indian passed by yesterday, came from the lake, had a heavy pack on his back, gave me five or six roots resembling onions in shape, tasted something like a sweet potato full of tough little fibres. March 1st. Ten men arrived this morning with provisions from Bear Valley; we are to start in two or three days and will cache our goods here. They say the snow will last until June.

The above mentioned ten men started for the Valley with seventeen of the sufferers. They travelled fifteen miles and a severe snow storm came up. They left fourteen of the emigrants, the writer of the above Journal and his family and succeeded in getting in with but three children. Lieutenant Woodworth immediately went to their assistance but before he had reached them they had eaten three who died from hunger and fatigue. The remainder Lieutenant Woodworth's party brought in. On the 29th of April 1847 the last members of the party were brought into Captain Sutter's Fort. It is utterly impossible to give any description of the sufferings of the company. Readers can form some idea by perusing the above diary kept and written by John Sinclair who was one of the suffering party.

The names of the emigrants from the United States who were prevented by the snow from crossing the California Mountains, October 31st, 1846.

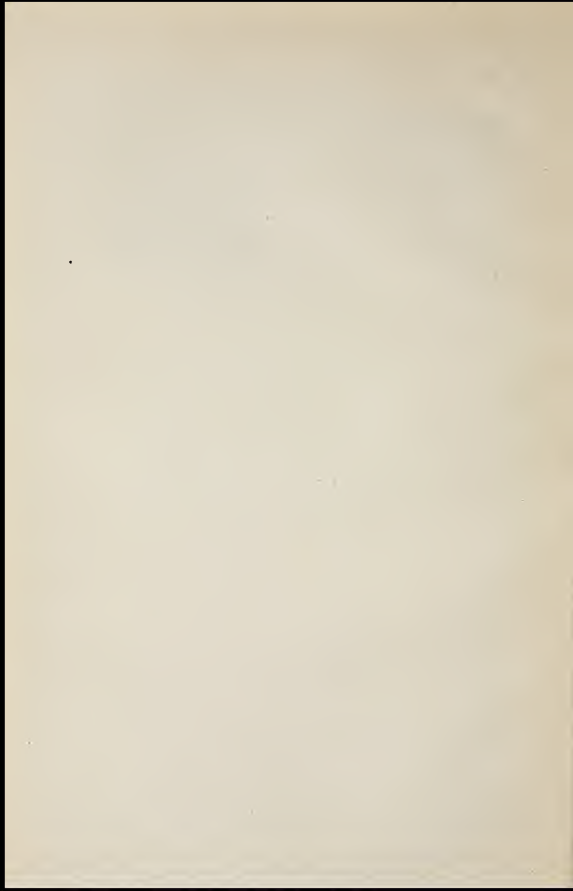
Those living to get through were: William Graves, Sarah Fosdick, Mary Graves, Ellen Graves, Vinney Graves, Nancy Graves, Jonathan Graves, Elizabeth Graves, Leithy Donner, Lean Donner, Francis Donner, Georgiana Donner, Eliza Donner, John Battiste, Solomon Hook; George Donner, Jr., Mary Donner, Mrs. Woolfinger, Lewis Keysburg, Mrs. Keysburg, William Foster, Sarah Foster, Simon Murphy, Mary Murphy, Harriet Pike, Miomin Pike, William Eddy, Patrick Breen, Margaret Breen, John Breed, Edward Breed, Patrick Breen, Jr., Simon Breen, James Breen, Peter Breen, IsaBella Breen, Elize Williams, James F. Reed, Mrs. Reed, Virginia Reed, Martha Reed, James Reed, Thomas Reed, Noah James.

Those perished in the mountains were C. G. Stanton, Mrs. Graves, J. Fosdick, Franklin Graves, John Denton, Geo. Donner, Sr., Mrs. Donner, Charles Berger, Joseph Rinehart, Jacob Donner, Betsey Donner, William Johnson, Isaac Donner, Lewis Donner, Samuel Donner, Samuel Shoemaker, James Smith, Balis Williams, Bertha Keysburg (child), Lewis Keysburg, Mrs. Murphy, Lemuel Murphy, George Foster, Catherine Pike, Ellen Eddy, Margaret Eddy, James Eddy, Patrick Dolan, Augustus Spitzer, Milton Elliott, Lautron Murphy, Mr. Pike, Antonio (Mexican), Lewis (Sutter's Indian), and Salvador (Indian of Sutter's).

Starting from Independence, Mo., to Fort Laramie, 672 miles, Fort Laramie to Pacific Springs (South Pass) 311 miles.

South Pass to Fort Bridger	133 Miles
Fort Bridger to Salt Lake	106 "
Salt Lake to Humboldt	315 "
Down Humboldt to Sink	274 "
Sink to Truckee Lake	134 "
Truckee Lake to Johnson	111 "
Johnsons to Sutters Fort	35 "





Personal
Recollections
of
Pioneer Life
on the
Mountains and Plains
of
The Great West



By LUKE VOORHEES

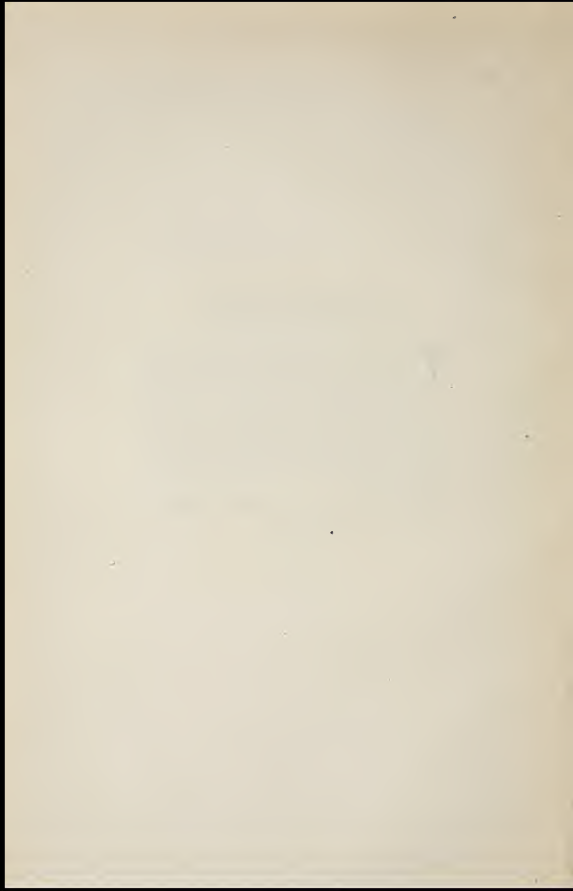


IN APPRECIATION

TO my old associates, living and dead, who braved the perils and hardships of the Frontier when it was practically a wilderness, and whose life on the mountains and plains was full of interesting adventures and thrilling incidents; and to all the pioneers of our early history, whose rugged virtues, resolute courage and cheerful endurance laid the foundations of this great Western Empire, I dedicate this book as a simple tribute of my esteem and affection, thankful that I have the honor of being a "comrade" of that noble band.

LUKE VOORHEES.

Cheyenne, Wyo., July 1, 1920.





LUKE VORHEES



Personal Recollections

of

Luke Voorhees

Early Life and Wanderings

I was born in Belvidere, New Jersey. Parents moved to Oakland County, Michigan, when I was two years old. Resided there during childhood and boyhood days. The last schooling was at a small academy at Pontiac, Michigan. Left home March, 1857, for Kansas and the Great Plains. The summer of 1857, made a trip from Lawrence, Kansas, out in the Smoky Hill and Republican River country, hunting buffalo. Killed some buffalo, but had no Indian fights on that trip. Spent the winter of 1857 and 1858 south of Lawrence, Kansas. Remained there until April, 1859.

Outfitted for Pike's Peak

Outfitted with four other young men for Pike's Peak. Our outfit consisted of five yoke of oxen and a Murphy wagon, with grub enough to last us one year. Our objective point was Pike's Peak gold mines—there being great excitement about the streams and rivers of what is now Colorado being lined with gold dust and nuggets. Our route was over the old Santa Fe Trail via Council Grove, Great Bend of the Arkansas River, Bent's Fort, up the river to Pike's Peak, thence to the head of Cherry Creek, down the creek to Denver, or where Denver now stands, camping there the 3rd day of June, 1859, then going to the gold diggings up Clear Creek to Black Hawk, or what was then Gregory Diggings.

Indians and Buffalo

As to the trip across the plains: while the country was full of Indians and buffalo, we encountered no Indians that were on the war path against the whites. We passed through a large party of Comanches who were said to be on the war path against the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux Indians north

towards the South Platte River. When we arrived at the big bend of the Arkansas River, we were swamped with buffalo so much that we had to keep guards or herders out with our oxen as the danger was so great that they would stampede our cattle when we turned them loose for grazing. On May 25, 1859, we camped at some springs, now called Manitou. Little did we ever expect to see the cities that are now built at Manitou and Colorado Springs.

Mining in the Mountains

I followed mining through the mountains of Colorado until the spring of 1863. On April 23, left the Territory of Colorado for the territory, then, of Washington, now the State of Montana. The trip from Denver was an eventful and exciting trip, with Indians and the high waters of the rivers that had to be crossed in some improvised way as there were no ferry boats or bridges to cross on. I arrived at Alder Gulch July 4, 1863. Gold had been discovered in great quantities. I took a claim from which, when drained by hard work, I could take out three and four ounces of gold each day, valued at \$18 per ounce. March 10, 1864, some French breeds, or half-breeds, that is, half Indian and half French, came from the northwest in British Columbia, near the Saskatchewan country, or Kootenai River. The half-breeds showed me some large nuggets of pure gold. They seemed to be anxious to have me go with them, where they said they could show me "heap gold." I at once enlisted three men who had crossed the plains with me, and men that I knew to be good and true. We outfitted with provisions, ammunition and two good cayuses (horses) each, leaving Alder Gulch the last of March, 1864. Although there were deep snows to encounter, we successfully made the trip. On the fourth of April, we camped on a creek which emptied into the Kootenai River. Although we had about two days' travel to make the stream the half-breeds were leading us to, I liked the appearance of wash of the gravel, although ice still partly covered the creek.

Discovers the Kootenai Diggings

I managed, by building a fire, to thaw the ice and warm some water, in which I put a shovelful of gravel, which I panned and washed, and I found much gold. That, of course, made me the discoverer of the Kootenai Diggings. After working there during the summer and late in the fall, I returned to Virginia City, Montana. Was engaged in mining in Montana until 1868, as a business. Was passing back and forth from Montana to the states. Spent considerable time in Utah during

the winter months. Made a trip to Nevada during 1868 and 1869.

At the Driving of the Spike

Was at the driving of the last spike and connecting rail of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads on May 10, 1869, at a station called Promintory, in western Utah. Was passing back and forth over the Union Pacific from Cheyenne to Salt Lake City. Made a trip to Texas in 1871. Bought a herd of cattle, trailed them to Utah and put them on a ranch. Was married to Florence Celia Jenks on April 16, 1874, by Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle at the Episcopal Cathedral in Salt Lake City. In March, 1876, came to Cheyenne for the purpose of organizing a stage and express line to the gold diggings in the Black Hills (Cheyenne to Deadwood Line).

Organized the Deadwood Stage Line

Organized and operated the Cheyenne-Deadwood lines with several mail, stage and express lines in other territories. In 1882, went into the live stock business, buying about 12,000 head of mixed cattle and putting them on the range at Rawhide Buttes. This caused me a very heavy financial loss. From 1889 to 1898, followed mining, more or less.

Early Cheyenne Enterprises

I have always taken a great interest in the upbuilding of Cheyenne. Organized and built the gas works throughout the city; also, organized and built a street railway through most of the business streets, including a line over the viaduct to the South side of Cheyenne, the cemetery and then to Camp Carlin, towards Fort Russell. Our company operated at a loss for some considerable time. It became necessary to take up the track over the city and turn the whole business into the junk pile. Was one of a company of Cheyenne men who built an iron foundry and operated it for a time, when it, too, went into the junk pile on account of dull times.

Appointed Territorial Treasurer

Was appointed territorial treasurer, being the first officer to occupy the then new Capitol building. Served for some time after the territory became a state. Served on the school board for nine years, being president of the board during the entire term of nine years. Served as county treasurer for four years. Was appointed by President Wilson, in May, 1913, as Receiver of Public Moneys and Disbursing Agent of the United States Land Office, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Explorers and Missionaries As Related to Bishop Thomas

Cheyenne, Wyoming, December 12, 1918.

The Right Reverend N. S. Thomas,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

My dear Bishop:

I have from memory and memorandum, also have quoted from various articles by more competent writers than I, given you a few pages, mostly gathered from old mountaineers during the years 1857 to 1880, and from such writers as Mr. Goldthwaites, in some of the well-published magazines—*The Century*, *Harpers*, etc. Having had the experience of the overland trail from old Westport, Missouri, to Walla Walla, Oregon, I know I have described the trail correctly in its correct course across the continent. I have also of Lewis and Clark given the most authentic details from personally having traveled over their circuitous meanderings to explore a then unknown country. These few pages you can peruse at your leisure.

In 1810-11, Wilson P. Hunt, Ramsey Crooks, Robert McClellan and Donald McKenzie, with a party of trappers, voyagers and Indian traders left Missouri for Astor's trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River. Their course was in a north-westerly direction crossing the Big Blue River, bearing west to the Platte River, crossing the Platte, then up the north side of that river to the Sweetwater to Browns Park, Green River, Hams Fork, Soda Springs, Fort Hall—then only a rendezvous for the trappers—Snake River, or Lewis and Clarks Fork, of the Columbia River, thence westward as best they could to Astor's trading post.

In 1832, four chiefs of the Flathead tribe arrived in St. Louis from what is now known as Idaho and Washington. The chiefs went to General William Clark (Lewis's old comrade, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs), and asked him to send the Bible to their people, with men to interpret it. There were two brothers, Daniel and Jason Lee, with three young men as lay readers, all going with Mr. Samuel J. Wyeth on his expedition in 1834, in response to the call of the Methodist Church, made by the request of the Flathead chiefs' appeal, and of which the entire country heard. The Lees were the first missionaries from the United States to the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains. They established posts on the Willamette River and other parts of Oregon. These posts became rallying points for immigrants, who were then beginning to cross the continental divides and who made the first overland trail.

In 1835, the Reverend Samuel Parker and Doctor Marcus Whitman (a physician), were sent out by the Presbyterian

society to look over the field as missionaries. In 1836 Whitman returned overland. These parties, both the men and their wives, were later massacred by the Cayouses (Indians).

The missionary who did more to civilize the Flathead, Pondrelles and other Indians, than any other one missionary, was Father Peter John De Smet, a Jesuit. He established and built churches and schools among the Indians of the Northwest. On my trip in 1863, through that great Northwestern country, I found many little buildings and missions established and constructed of logs with a cross over the doors.

John C. Fremont in 1842 was sent out to explore the country of both the Missouri River and Rocky Mountains. Fremont's published work in 1843, pointed out the best camping places, etc., which were followed by later immigrants. In the spring of 1843, a large party of men gathered at the mouth of the Kansas River. Their names were James W. Nesmyth, Jesse Applegate, David Waldo, John G. Baker, Thomas G. Naylor and Peter Burnett. They were the real leaders of the party who left that point on June 1, 1843. These pioneers were the builders of the great West, especially the great states of Oregon and Washington, then territories, or rather the Territory of Oregon. In many places along the route traveled by these men and their party, their names were carved on various bluffs, rocks and trees and there are places at this date where these can be seen. In the party were many women and children, two hundred wagons, seven hundred head of the finest of cattle and horses, household furniture, plows, seeds, etc. It was, in fact, the segment of a great nation moving, and such men never retreat. The gravest of the many dangers in making such a trip was the great "Bugaboo," the American Desert, and the fear of suffering for water; consequently, the route from their starting point was for the first 100 miles on the old Santa Fe Trail to a point called Council Grove. From thence across to the Big Blue River, then to the Platte River, northerly up the Platte and North Platte to Courthouse Rock, Chimney Rock, old Fort Laramie, then following up the Platte to the mouth of Sweetwater River to Independence Rock, bearing north again of Bear Lake to the mouth of Port Neuf to Snake River, and Fort Hall, then across the lava beds to the Boise River and down the Columbia to the Willamette River. That was really the marking of the Overland Trail, which was followed—and no other—until 1857.

In 1844 the immigration was very great to the Oregon country. Points of leaving the Missouri River had changed

from the mouth of the Kaw River—Kansas City now—to Council Bluffs. From there they followed the Platte until striking the trail of the Nesmyth-Baker trail, then following their road to Blacks and Hams Fork west of Green River. At that point there were trappers who informed them that by going westwardly the road could be shortened; consequently, many times trains of wagons would divide up, taking different routes, some going to Fort Hall trading post, others leading around the north of the great Salt Lake to the Humboldt, thence northerly again. As late as 1863, I saw many places where the immigrants had been attacked by Indians; such evidences as graves with headboards of pine wood giving names of persons and cause of death, etc.; old rusted iron of wagons such as the tires and bolts, and broken guns, etc. These battles had evidently many times been fought off of the trail, showing that the immigrants had by getting in the timber and fortifying, made a great fight until death, and then by the Indians were scalped, skeletons usually showing arrow wounds, as the weapons of the Indians at that date (1844), were mostly the bow and arrow. Many dangers that beset the immigrants other than Indians were the immense herds of buffalo constantly crossing the trail, stampeding their stock. This occurred on the plains. The ferrying of the large rivers in time of high water was all done by removing the wagon boxes, calking them, then loading every man, woman and child into them and rowing them across, which was very dangerous. Live stock were all compelled to swim.

When England abandoned the territory below the 49th parallel the trail had done the work which its founders had contemplated. Such men as Baker, Nesmyth, Naylor and Peter H. Burnett, and before them Wyeth, won Oregon to us and for us. Parties of immigrants in largely increasing numbers in 1845-46 (many of them in '46 Mormons), and 1847, then crossed the Missouri at St. Joseph and Council Bluffs and other points. From that time on there was a constant line of prairie schooners during the summer months up to 1858-59, when Ben Holliday took the contract of the United States government of transporting the United States mail from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Salt Lake City three times a week. Later it was increased to daily. It was operated on the Oregon Overland Trail practically following it to Fort Bridger, sweeping past the stream of wagons, which averaged about 15 miles a day; the stage coach averaging 120 miles every 24 hours.

There is no question as to the line of the old Overland Trail. In 1862, during the months of September, October and Novem-

ber, Mr. Holliday had the stock and equipment of the stage line moved from the North Platte to the South Platte to Denver, then via Fort Collins, Fort Halleck, Dale Creek, Laramie River, Cooper Creek to North Platte, crossing thence over Bridger's Pass, Barrel Springs, Bitter Creek, Green River, Hams Fork, where it connected with the old North Platte-South Pass Trail.

In the month of September, 1840, Captain Howard Stansburg, who was sent out by the government in an effort to learn the best and most feasible, safest and shortest route for the great immigration then certain to leave the states for the Pacific Coast territories, left the Platte River at the mouth of Lodge Pole Creek, following it to Chugwater Crossing near Iron Mountain, making from there to the Laramie River on to Salt Lake. Stansburg did not recommend in his report to the government that this was a route which immigrants should undertake in crossing the continent, consequently there was no attempt to make this route a practicable immigrant road. In 1857 some venturesome immigrants left the main Overland Trail on account of scarcity of grass on that route, caused by the great numbers of immigrants with their livestock having camped at every available camping place where there was water and grass on the old North Platte-Sweetwater-South Pass Route. The 1849 California rush to the gold excitement followed the old trail to the great Salt Lake, usually keeping north of the lake to the Humboldt, across the Sierra Nevada range to the Sacramento River.

Any arrangements that are, or may be made, to raise funds to erect markers or monuments along this old national highway by the government or the state of Wyoming, or any association attempting to mark the old Overland Route in the state, could not but agree that the North Platte, Courthouse Rock, Chimney Rock, Fort Laramie, Independence Rock, Sweetwater, South Pass, Green River, Hams Fort, Fort Hall to the Columbia River, is the only route generally used and known over the world as the old Overland Trail.

Such heroic men and women who from 1806 to 1869 traversed this great trail, deserve a name on the monuments of fame for great deeds. Few people at this date can realize the dangers and hardships which the pioneers endured, that did more for our great empire than any class of men since that time. In a larger measure than any other thoroughfare in the United States, the Oregon Trail from the mouth of the Kansas or Kaw River (old West Port) to the mouth of the Columbia River, was the trail the immense stream of immigrants made in their march to the Western Empire.

A question that has many times been printed and is being asked as a matter of history, is the question as to who was the first white man to cross the Rocky Mountains, the great American Desert, over the Sierra Nevada Range to the Pacific Coast. Many names have been mentioned by various writers and men who claim that distinction. From all I have ever been able to learn from men, who in the earliest of pioneer times, such as Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Jim Baker and Jim Beckwourth, who had talked with traders and trappers on the subject as to who was the first white man to penetrate the mountains, that man was Jeldiah Smith, who in 1792 made the trip alone across that great unknown at that time. If prior to that time anyone other than natives had made the trip, it is not known. Smith was a man of the Daniel Boone, Davey Crockett type, and relied on his safety from his own courage.

Yours truly,

LUKE VOORHEES.

Reminiscences of Pioneer Days As Published From Time to Time in Wyoming Newspapers

Cheyenne from November 13, 1867, the date the track of the Union Pacific Railroad was completed and trains running to the town, during the winter of 1868, was one of the toughest places on the railroad. Being the point that Denver and most of the Territory of Colorado received their goods and supplies, which were unloaded for the Colorado mines. All passengers for Denver were transported from here by six-horse Concord stages, from two to four departing and arriving daily, loaded to the guards with passengers, baggage and express. There were also hundreds of mule and ox trains hauling freight to Denver. The mule skimmers, bull-whackers and stage drivers, together with all kinds of the very worst sort of sports and gamblers, followers of the building of the railroad, made Cheyenne a wild west town, with all that the wild west implies. It was practically devoid of all law and order.

The temporary government and the appointed officers of the territory, who were appointed by the president after the organic act creating a territorial government, left Cheyenne as a town in the hands of the roughs and toughs, until the best citizens and business men took it upon themselves to form a committee of safety or vigilance committee. This committee suppressed to a certain extent the lawlessness of the thieves and murders by seeing that a number were hung or run out of town. There not being any jails or place constructed to confine a criminal, the best way was to deal out immediate punishment by giving the toughs a trial and execution without any inter-

mission, which had a good effect on the buneo and three-card monte gentry.

**A Talk by Hon. Luke Vorhees to the Old Pioneers of Wyoming
Delivered at the State Fair, Douglas, Wyo., Sept. 30, 1915.**

(Republished by request.)

The many immigrants, from 1810-11 up to recent years, with their teams of oxen, were not exactly the type that some great poet or some great man has said: "Westward the Star of Empire takes it way." This has ever been the history of the early immigrant, who with his one yoke of oxen, turned his face toward the great western plains and mountains. The natural conditions in the East soon became crowded, or at least many of us felt that we should know something of the opportunities that were so alluringly described by what Fremont and other mountaineers and men had written of the plains, deserts and mountains. To me there was something fascinating about the West, that created in me a feeling of unrest. Often the pioneer endured hardships and privation—yet it is an experience he rather enjoys, he likes to be put to the test, and while we are helping make the West, the West is helping to make men of us. A man likes to be a creator of circumstances, not altogether a creature of circumstances. He likes to lay his own foundation to his own liking.

In quoting the old saying, "The Star of Empire moves westward," if the Star of Empire did not move westward, stagnation would be the result and decay would be inevitable. One very good reason why the new is built better than the old is, it has as a rule better material—only the best come West. The idle and shiftless are not found among the earlier builders of the great Western States. It has been the history of the Western Pioneers—they built better than they knew. In looking over what has been done in our state and country, we are astonished at the great progress that has been made. You who are here today, in ten years from now those that may be alive, and who I hope of you that are alive at that time, may meet here—you can call the attention of the newcomers to the great changes made in ten years. Lands that can now be bought for \$25.00 per acre will be selling at from \$100 to \$500 per acre. Much of this modern talk and the notoriety some persons who are placing monuments over the Oregon Trail to perpetuate the memory of the old California-Oregon broad road are instead attempting to call your attention to the fact that the makers of the great Overland were merely plodders and their memory should be forgotten, so that these sentimentalists can

make a name for themselves—not for you nor your memory. You, that with your ox teams, made it possible for a few who at this date can in a Pullman car move over what they imagine was the Oregon Trail in 1842, erecting some markers inscribed thereon, erected by the G. O. P. or D. A. R. or some such society, so that the ceremonies are conducted by some would-be hero, so that his or her name may appear in modern history. Does it not appear to you old plainsmen and mountaineers present here today, who have suffered all the privations and hardships that early immigrants had to endure in the fifties, I say, don't you think this monument business at the expense of taxpayers of this state is a lot of sentimental rot? The many immigrants who lost their lives by starving for want of food, water—murdered, many of them, by Indians, names many of them that history has not—on the trail they helped to make the tablets or stones erected should read to their memory, not those that are inscribing their names on these shafts, as having, as they imagine, achieved great and lasting glory.

I know and I believe a few of you who are here today know, that a trail made by the Indians, who inhabited this part of Wyoming long before the year 1800; at least we are all, I believe, well satisfied that conditions of, and the formation of, the ground over which the would-be famous historians dedicate and consecrate. What was here thousands of years before the hardy immigrants, who risked their lives in making Oregon and California and enlarging the trail to these territories and by the risk of their all, caused historians to write of and advertise the great West. It would be just as consistent a proposition for some member of the Wyoming legislature to ask for an appropriation, get it passed—the governor appoint a committee to build, erect, dedicate and consecrate a spire, shaft, or great monument pointing to the heavens for the great benefit and good of the present and recent results of electricity. You know that it has existed here since the creation of the heavens and the earth. I say, it would be just as consistent to ignore Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Edison and others, who have harnessed electricity, made it so useful and beneficial to mankind. Dedicate to electricity, not to the great men that made it possible for use.

I visited the Panama Exposition in April 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1914, at San Francisco; a group of statuary that impressed me most was the one standing in the California building. In the center of the group stands a yoke of oxen, representing a fine type of the immigrant with his old-fashioned wagon and the man and team resting in the road. The man leaning up

against the oxen, which men who crossed the plains in the fifties have seen, I presume, hundreds of times, when after making a hard pull up a hill or through a stretch of sand while the oxen were resting the drivers would lean up against their team.

I quote you Secretary of the Interior Lane, in his speech at the opening of the Panama Exposition:

"The sculptors who have ennobled these buildings with their work have surely given full wing to their fancy in seeking to symbolize the tale which this exposition tells. Among these figures I have sought for one which would represent to me the significance of this great enterprise.

"Prophets, priests and kings are here, conquerors and mystical figures of ancient legend; but these do not speak the word I hear.

My eye is drawn to the least conspicuous of all—the modest figure of a man standing beside two oxen, which look down upon the court of the nations, where East and West come face to face.

Towering above his gaunt figure is the canopy of his prairie schooner.

"Gay conquistadores ride beside him, and one must look hard to see this simple, plodding figure.

"Yet that man is to me the one hero of this day. Without him we would not be here.

"Without him banners would not fly, nor bands play.

"Without him San Francisco would not be today the gayest city of the globe.

"Shall I tell you who he is, this key figure in the arch of our enterprise?

"That slender, dauntless, plodding, modest figure is the American pioneer.

"To me he is, indeed, far more; he is the adventurous spirit of our restless race.

"Long ago he set sail with Ulysses. But Ulysses turned back.

"He sailed again with Columbus for the Indies and heard with joy the quick command, 'Sail on, sail on and on.' But the westward way was barred.

"He landed at Plymouth Rock and with his dull-eyed oxen,

has made the long, long journey across our continent. His way has been hard, slow, momentous.

"He made his path through soggy, sodden forest, where the storms of a thousand years conspired to block his way.

"He drank with delight of the brackish water where the wild beasts wallowed.

"He trakked through the yielding, treacherous snows; forded swift-running waters; crept painfully through rocky gorges where Titans had been at play; clambered up mountain sides, the sport of avalanche and of slide; dared the limitless land without horizon; ground his teeth upon the bitter dust of the desert; fainted beneath the flail of the raw and ruthless sun; starved, thirsted, fought; was cast down but never broken; and he never turned back.

"Here he stands at last beside this western sea, the incarnate soul of his insatiable race—the American pioneer.

"Pity? He scorns it.

"Glory? He does not ask it.

"His sons and daughters are scattered along the path he has come.

"Each fence post tells where some one fell.

"Each farm, brightening now with the first smile of spring, was once a battlefield, where men and women fought the choking horrors of starvation and isolation.

"His is this one glory—he found the way; his the adventure.

"It is life that he felt, life that compelled him.

"That strange, mysterious thing that lifted him out of the primeval muck and sent him climbing upward—that same strange thing has pressed him onward, held out new visions to his wondering eyes, and sung new songs into his welcoming ears.

"And why?

"In his long wandering he has had time to think.

"He has talked with the stars, and they have taught him not to ask why.

"He is here.

"He has seated himself upon the golden sand of this distant shore and has said to himself that it is time for him to gather his sons about him that they may talk; that they may tell tales of things done.

"Here on this stretch of shore he has built the outermost camp fire of his race and has gathered his sons that they may

tell each other of the progress they have made—utter man's prayers, things done for man.

"His sons are they who have cut continents in twain, who have slashed God's world as with a knife, who have gleefully made the rebellious seas to lift man's ship across the barrier mountains of Panama.

"This thing the sons of the pioneer have done—it is their prayer, a thing done for man.

"And here, too these sons of the pioneer will tell of other things they do—how they fill the night with jewelled light conjured from the melting snows of the far-off mountains; how they talk together across the world in their own voices; how they baffle the eagles in their flight through the air and make their way within the spectral gloom of the soundless sea; how they reach into the heavens and draw down food out of the air to replenish the wasted earth.

"These things and more have they done in these latter days, these sons of the pioneer.

"And in their honor he has fashioned this beautiful city of dreams come true.

"In their honor has he hung the heavens with flowers and added new stars to the night.

"In blue and gold, in scarlet and purple, in the green of the shallow sea and the burnt brown of the summer hillside, he has made the architecture of the centuries to march before their eyes in column, colonade and court.

"We have but to anchor his quaint covered wagon to the soil and soon it rises transformed into the vane of some mighty cathedral.

"For after all, Rome and Rheims, Salisbury and Seville, are not far memories to the pioneer.

"Here, too, in this city of the nation, the pioneer has called together all his neighbors that we may learn one of the other.

"We are to live together side by side for all time.

"The seas are but a highway between the doorways of the nations.

"We are to know each other.

"Perhaps strained nerves may sometimes fancy the gesture of the pioneer to be abrupt, and his voice we know has been hardened by the winter winds.

"But his neighbors will soon come to know that he has no hatred in his heart, for he is without fear; that he is without envy, for none can add to his wealth.

The long journey of this slight modest figure that stands beside the oxen is at an end.

"The waste places of the earth have been found.

"But adventure is not to end.

"Here in this house will be taught the gospel of an advancing democracy—strong, valiant, confident, conquering—upborne and typified by the independent, venturesome spirit of that mystic materialist, the American pioneer.

Organization of Wyoming Territory

In October, 1859, I rode from Pawnee Buttes north a few miles to a heavy wooded butte, now called Pine Bluffs, (now denuded of the "pine"), which overlooked a beautiful plain or valley. It being the time of year when the buffalo were migrating to the south, the entire valley as far as I could see was one continuous herd of buffalo. A most beautiful sight, although I had for two years been almost constantly in sight of large herds of fine buffalo. This picture seemed to be the most perfect of all of the great plain's panoramas.

I last fall, 1912, passed over the same valley and the contrast was a most interesting one. Instead of the vast herds of buffalo, the valley was much of it covered, or dotted with fields and stacks of the finest of different kinds of grain. It seemed to be a wonderful transformation, although fifty-three years had elapsed, but it seemed only a few months from the time I first viewed the buffalo, until the neat wheat fields appeared.

On July 25th, 1868, the act to provide a temporary government for the territory of Wyoming, became a law. The area of the territory was 97,625 square miles. Federal appointments for nearly all offices were made during April, 1869, and on the 10th day of May following the governmental machinery was in working order. The federal officers were: J. A. Campbell, governor; Edward M. Lee, secretary; Church Howe, U. S. marshal; J. M. Carey, United States attorney; John M. Howe, chief justice; J. W. Bingham and W. S. Jones, associate justices; C. D. Berger, surveyor general; Frank Wolcott, receiver of public land office. The first legislative assembly in Wyoming organized at Cheyenne, October 12, 1869, with William Bright as president of the council and S. M. Curran speaker of the house. The legislature adjourned sine die on the 10th of December, after having enacted the first laws that were considered really binding by the people of this section. The session was a harmonious one. This was in olden days.

I often heard in 1868 and 1869, claims made by various old-timers as to who built the first house on the Cheyenne townsite. In conversation with J. R. Whitehead, who was one of the very first persons to settle in Cheyenne, he said:

"Well, one fine day early in July, 1867, four or five hundred of us pitched our tents here, where there was not a sign of civilization. About half of us woke up at daylight the next morning, to find that the other half were living in board shanties called houses."

That is about the history of one who built the first house in Cheyenne.

Everyone of the first appointees by the president, who composed the first officers of the territory of Wyoming, have all passed to that great beyond, excepting now Governor J. M. Carey, who was the first United States attorney for Wyoming.

Governor Carey has been appointed and elected to many high offices in Wyoming since his coming to the territory. After the office of United States attorney, he was appointed one of the associate justices, later elected mayor of Cheyenne, elected to congress, and served until the enabling act by congress for a state. After it became a state, he was elected United States senator, and in 1910 was elected governor of the state.

Reminiscences of Old Timer

In May 10, 1869, I was at the driving of the golden spike and laying of the last rail connecting the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads at Promontory, Utah. It was a most notable gathering of great men. Men that had just completed the greatest feat of railroad building then known in America. They were men that did great things, workers who distinguished themselves by their great works in the west. It seemed to me at that time that I had never been so impressed at any gathering I had attended as the meeting on that occasion. Oakes Ames, Oliver Ames, Sidney Dillon, Jay Gould, General Dodge, G. Francis Train, General Sherman and General Sheridan of the Union Pacific, and Leland Stanford, D. O. Mills, Crocker, MacKay, Flood and O'Brien of the Central Pacific, and many others that I had some acquaintance with in mining camps in California, Montana, Nevada and Idaho. Speeches made there were short but to the point. The builders had confidence in the ultimate good results as to it paying the company and the United States government, which had furnished means and money, yet I recollect many; in fact, a great many, who were so skeptical that failure and abandoning the road would be the ultimate result as they saw it at that time; I recollect of hearing some gentlemen discussing the railroad from Omaha

to San Francisco and one remarked that within twenty years from the laying of the last rail there would be but two streaks of rust to show for the great work and cost to the government. The builders were as sure of about what has since proved to be the result as it was possible for men who look ahead and are workers to make a great enterprise a success. Many old-timers now are as skeptical on dry farming as they were on the Pacific railroads, and now from long residence in the west I believe that in twenty years the great number of disbelievers in good farming will be as greatly surprised at the productive possibilities of the plains between Cheyenne and Pine Bluffs.

Company Out at Pine Bluffs

In the spring of 1857 some venturesome men with good teams and well supplied with arms and provisions for any emergency that might come up, left the old route and followed up the Lodge Pole Creek to where Sidney, Nebraska, now stands and on west to the Pine Bluffs (known then as the wooded bluffs), which are south of the town of Pine Bluffs. This place became famous as a camping ground after the immigration followed Lodge Pole Creek.

The fine springs, abundant grass and pine wood enabled them to do a month's washing, for up to this point the only fuel they had was buffalo chips.

Thus it was that Pine Bluffs became a great continuous encampment from about May 15th to October 1st for many years.

Few people at the present time realize how much enjoyment there was at this Pine Bluffs camping ground, with pure water and good wood for cooking the choice cuts of young buffalo, black tail deer and antelope all being plentiful and very fat.

During the building of the Union Pacific railroad, more especially the summer of 1867, Canada Bill worked up and down the little towns which sprang up as the road progressed. He would appear with his three dirty cards, which he would show the lookers-on and tell them how to guess the proper cards so as to win \$20 or \$50, just an easy matter, as Canada would explain, but the card bet on by the suckers always lost.

Bill said he would pay the management of the railroad \$5,000 a year for permission to exert himself with three cards and would guarantee not to molest or work anyone except ministers or Mormons.

A Jail Tent Moved by Prisoners

I recollect an incident which happened in the summer of 1868. A couple of old fellows, J. W. McIntyre and James McNasser, from Denver, who came up to look over Cheyenne, and being of a convivial turn of mind, imbibed pretty freely of Missouri whiskey, which caused them to be over-boisterous; so much so that the acting city marshal concluded it was safer to put them in the calaboose, which consisted of an ordinary tent, 20 by 20, set up without anything more than the canvas. During the night after sobering up so they could think sanely and consider their real condition, as it was the first time either of them had ever been in jail, they concluded to play a joke on the city officers. They moved the tent and set it up about a mile east of town. The city marshal upon going to where the tent had stood the night before, was amazed to find neither tent nor prisoners. He at once called for assistance to discover the whereabouts of the tent and prisoners. They were finally found near the banks of Crow Creek.

The reason they gave the city marshal for moving was that they wanted a drink and in order not to break jail they believed the safest way was to move the whole shooting match (as they explained it) where there was clear water to drink, the marshal found them in the tent with a pail of water and a tin cup, prisoners of the city.

The fact is they were both men of prominence. McIntyre was a mining man and McNassar was the owner and proprietor of the Planters House, Denver, then the best hotel in the west.

EXPERIENCES WITH INDIANS

**Attacks and Robberies On the Stage Line. General Crook
Sends Troops. Killing of Henry T. Brown and Thomas
Hunton, Military Operations, in 1876 and 1877**

Among my leading experiences in the west with Indians and stage robbers was on our Black Hills stage lines from February, 1876, until 1882. I came from Salt Lake City to Cheyenne, February 17, 1876, to organize the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage, Mail & Express Company. The excitement being at a white heat about the fabulous gold diggings in the Black Hills. I, with the parties interested in the enterprise, were anxious to get the line in operation at once, which I did as soon as possible. I had buyers out getting horses as fast as possible, as I had to have 600 head. I ordered 30 Concord coaches made as early as possible and shipped to Cheyenne with all haste.

I found many rumors of Indian fights with the prospectors and miners in the hills and on the road from Cheyenne to Deadwood.

New Stage Line Gets Under Way

I succeeded in getting some horses and mules with a fair equipment, enough to start a tri-weekly line, which was inadequate to carry the rush of tenderfoot prospectors. I, with all dispatch possible, succeeded in making the line a daily six-horse Concord coach line. Both horses and coaches were of the very best. I encountered all sorts of trouble with men on account of constant reports of Indian raids on the line, and fights that General Crook with his troops had with the redskins. On March 25, one of my men—Jake Harker—in carrying the mail from Hat Creek to Camp Robinson, was killed and scalped, the mail sack cut open, letters scattered around the dead body of Harker, found by men I sent out to look for him. This was the first one of my men that the Indians killed, and naturally made them more cautious, some of them refusing to take their drives over the road.

On March 22, I received the following message:

“Fort Laramie, Wyo.

“Luke Voorhees,
“Cheyenne.

“Word was received here tonight by messenger direct from Custer City of a fight between some miners and a band of Sioux Indians of the tribe of Chief Crazy Horse, on Deadwood Creek, about 60 miles northwest of Custer City. The miners, it seems, attacked the Indians, killing 13 of the redskins. One white miner killed. The Indians had been stealing the miners' horses. The advice from the north is for you to expect more trouble on your stage line from the Indians, who are on the war-path.

“JOHN FORD,
“Agent at Fort Laramie.”

“Fort Fetterman, March 29, 1876.

“Luke Voorhees,
“Cheyenne, Wyo.

“General Crook left here for Omaha yesterday morning. We can hardly believe that General Crook will be taken from this department, as he is the best Indian fighter known at this time. It is also reported that General Hazen left the Missouri river two weeks ago with a force of cavalry for the

Big Horn country. If General Crook is left in command, the combined forces of Hazen, Crook and General Custer, they can make a goodly number of good Indians.

"FORD,
"Agent.

On April 13, 1876, I received the following message:

"Luke Voorhees,
"Cheyenne, Wyo. "Fort Laramie.

"A soldier who belongs to the Fourth Infantry arrived here yesterday and reports he and five others were attacked by a small band of Indians a few miles south of Cheyenne River, near your station, and a man named Norman Storms, of Iowa, was shot, killed and scalped. Another man was wounded, but not seriously. We brought him away with us. The Indians are very numerous, he reports, and are running off much stock. And your men are in great danger at all your stations north of Fort Laramie, and we are much alarmed about your men at the stations.

"FORD,
"Agent."

Indians Always Were a Menace

After I had received word from Fort Laramie, March 22, 1876, that there would undoubtedly be more trouble along the stage line between Cheyenne and Deadwood, from the Sioux Indians, I addressed a letter to General Crook, asking him when convenient to inform me so far as he could of the movements of the Indians and about when and where he would be likely to attack Spotted Tail and his band.

I, on March 23, received a copy of the following message:

"Fort Reno via Fort Fetterman, March 23, 1876.

"Lieut. Gen. Phillip Sheridan,
"Fort Laramie, Wyo.

"We arrived here today after one of the hardest campaigns I ever experienced in the west. We succeeded in breaking up Crazy Horse's band of Cheyenne and Minneconajos, killing more than 100 Indians and burning their village on Little Powder River. An immense quantity of ammunition, arms and dried meats were stored in their lodges, all of which we destroyed.

"Our loss was four men killed and eight wounded.

"Snow has fallen every day during the campaign, the weather being intensely cold.

"I cut loose from the wagon train on the 17th and scouted Tongue and Rosebud Rivers.

"General Reynolds, with a part of the command, was pushed forward on a trail leading to the village of Crazy Horse, at the mouth of the Little Powder. This he attacked and destroyed.

"Crazy Horse had with him in all about one-half the Indians of the reservation.

"I would again urgently recommend the transfer of these Indians to the agencies on the Missouri River.

"I am satisfied that if Sitting Bull is on this side of the Yellowstone that he is camped at the mouth of Powder River.

(Signed) "GEO. CROOK,
"Brigadier General."

My great danger was caused from the certainty that a part of these Indians would cross our road from Cheyenne to Deadwood on returning to Red Cloud agency. Should they cross our road at a time when any of our stages might be in sight or near a station, they would clean up the outfit. General Crook was constantly after them and pushed them for all that was out, yet there were some eastern philanthropists who were stirring up and agitating General Crook's conduct, as it was said by them he was killing too many Indians. That he was not dealing kindly with them.

Loses Friend Through Work of Indians

After the Indians shot Henry E. Brown on the evening of April 19, 1876, my men at Hat Creek stage station, waited all night for the stage to arrive from Custer City, not hearing any word from it, three of the men, with good guns and horses, started out north in search of it. Knowing that Indians had been seen on the stage road the day before, they were careful and cautious, being men with experience in Indian warfare. No Indians were discovered that morning. Brown was found lying in the road but not dead at that time. They made a litter and carried him to Hat Creek station. A messenger was sent to Fort Laramie with a message to me to try and have a surgeon from Fort Laramie sent to him. I wired the commanding officer, asking for a surgeon and escort, if possible, to go north with all speed and try and give Brown such surgical aid as could be rendered, but on the arrival of the surgeon he at once, on making the examination, pronounced the wound fatal, although Brown lived about 24 hours through great suffering. I made an all-night ride with relays of horses every ten miles, to try and reach Brown before he died, as he begged the men to ride their best, regardless of the horses, but keep going as he must see me before he died. I arrived at Fort Laramie from Cheyenne in nine hours, changed horses and

struck out for Hat Creek. At about 1 o'clock in the morning I met the escort with the remains of Brown at Rawhide Buttes. I telegraphed on my arrival at Fort Laramie to Cheyenne for an embalmer to come on to meet me so the body could be properly cared for, to be shipped from Cheyenne to Omaha, at his home.

Efficient General Had a Big Task

The Indian troubles on our Black Hills stage lines during the years of 1876 and 1877 were many. General Crook, with troops under him, had to cover the country from Cheyenne to the Big Horn River. The greater portion of Red Cloud, Crazy Horse and Spotted Tail bands were supposed to be under the control of the Indian agent at the Red Cloud agency, which at that time was about where Crawford, Nebraska, now stands. It was impossible for the agent to control the Indians, or in any way keep them on their reservations. General Crook had so much territory to cover that it was impossible for him to guard every part of the north country. All of us who knew General Crook knew him to be one of the bravest men and always on the watch. With such officers as Colonel Stanton, Captain Egan and many other brave officers, and with Frank Gruard, a half-breed, for his chief scout, caused the Indians to move often and quickly.

Neither the severe cold weather nor the want of comfortable clothing and tents deterred General Crook from pushing the Indians. There were some failures on account of an officer not doing his whole duty, such as the failure of Captain Moore allowing the Indians to escape with their ponies after they had (a large number of at least 700) been captured. Moore's battalion was a strong one in numbers and brave, only needing a brave leader. Colonel Stanton, with a small number of troops, took up a position when the Indians made the attack to recover their ponies and by enfilading fire (his bugler sounding the charge) gave the savages to understand the whole of Moore's command was ready for them, but as Captain Moore failed to go to Stanton's aid, the Indians succeeded in recovering all of their ponies. Had that been prevented the Indians would have been glad to make another treaty. Captain Moore's battalion was a part of General Reynolds' command.

Blunder Cost Troops Valuable Victory

It was a serious blunder of Reynolds and Moore, and in violation of General Crook's orders. The orders were to shoot all ponies captured, as it was a well known fact that Indians will not fight without ponies to ride. General Reynolds was court-

martialed for his failure to carry out orders. Another inexcusable blunder was when General Reynolds left the battlefield, not even taking with him his wounded or burying his dead. The Indians scalped and mutilated both the dead and the wounded. The excuse Reynolds offered was that his men were and had been on half rations, the cold weather so severe (it being below zero), the general saw his men freezing their hands and feet, so he did not feel so much to blame in making camp and preparing hot coffee for his half-famished soldiers.

All Was Not Sadness and Sorrow

Of course there were many ludicrous and funny incidents during such times, as well as the serious features, such as having one of your best friends killed. On my trip from Fort Laramie to Cheyenne with the remains of Mr. Brown, there were no signs of Indians on the road, yet there had been two small bands seen the day before in the vicinity of what is now the Wheatland settlement, but it was an old saying with the mountain men, when there were no signs of Indians, was the most imminent danger. It came very near being the case on this trip. I had not passed Bordeau ranch (then owned by County Commissioner Hunton), but about four miles, when about 18 buck Indians swooped down on a ranch in broad daylight and cut out a fine band of horses and pushed them over in the hills. This was done about 30 minutes after I had passed there. A man who saw the Indians rode to the Hunton ranch, near where a corporal and seven soldiers were stationed. I had got permission from General Crook to have them stationed there for a time to protect the mails and to give confidence to the freighters and immigrants passing over the road.

Thomas Hunton, with the soldiers and such men as he could get together quickly, well armed and mounted, hurriedly started to recover the stock. Hunton and the men with him on overtaking the Indians found that a few of the reds were making for Laramie Peak, while the main warriors were hid in the rocks and bluffs awaiting the soldiers and men. The Indians knew that the settlers along the Chugwater were men who know how to fight Indians where the numbers were anywhere near equal. But Hunton on getting sight of the Indians saw that they outnumbered his crowd two to one, and the Indians being down among the boulders, had a great advantage over the whites. At the second fusilade by the warriors, Hunton said: "Boys, we have to get out of this and quick, at that," as there were two of the soldiers already killed or fatally wounded. Some of the men were much better mounted than others, and as it seemed to be a case to get out quick, they did their best with

spurs and quirt. One of the men, named Ash, on an old mule which had not smelled the Indians, and was falling behind. Ash called out frantically: "Boys, don't leave me; we can whip them if we stick together and fight. Don't leave a fellow to do all the fighting." But in the meantime Ash was doing all the persuading he could with his spurs and quirt to follow when an Indian got up with a buffalo robe over him and gave an Indian war whoop. It was magic to the mule. He lit out, passing all of the others. Ash, in the meantime, had changed his idea of whipping the Indians and was willing to leave, which he did, saying as he and his old mule were speeding: "Come on boys; they will kill all of us; there is a million of them."

PERILS AND TRIALS OF EARLY STAGE COACH DAYS AND OTHER REMINISCENCES

(Published in *State Leader* On Its Golden Anniversary July 15, 1917)

It is Cheyenne's good fortune to be able to number among her best loved citizens, one whose long and useful life has been closely interwoven for some years beyond the span of a half century, with the many activities which have gone to aid in the material upbuilding of the state. Here in 1857, years before the city of Cheyenne was dreamed of; here in the days when the trapper, the prospector and the soldier of the frontier posts were the only white inhabitants of what is now the state of Wyoming; there are precious few whose store of personal reminiscences of the early days can rival those of Luke Voorhees, at present receiver of the federal land office.

Added to a most retentive memory of the scenes and places of the early day, Mr. Voorhees has been blessed with the ability to transfer his impressions to writing, and has left to posterity a most wonderful collection of short articles, depicting personal experiences of the early stage coach days. He was intimately associated with the first stage coach line between this city and the Black Hills district; he has traveled every nook and corner of the state in the days when the Redman held sway and history was in its infancy, and his accounts of these early day happenings and adventures cannot but be of extreme interest on this anniversary of the founding of this city.

Some of the sketches from the pen of Mr. Voorhees here presented have been published before; some have never before been set in type; all of them are worth reading or rereading and preserving, for they form as true a pen picture of the real

conditions of early Wyoming life as is to be found. For the privilege of their use in this edition, *The State Leader* extends to Mr. Voorhees its deepest thanks.

Organization of Overland Stage Company

(By Luke Voorhees)

The Overland Stage Company was organized in 1857 by Majors Russell and Waddell to operate a line of tri-weekly mail, express and passenger stage coaches, from St. Joseph, Missouri, via Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger, to Salt Lake City, connecting there with Well's Fargo Company, who took the mail on through to San Francisco. The great loss by constant raids of Indians along the line, stealing horses and mules, killing of drivers and station keepers on the stage line, heavy losses in their great freighting contracts with the government (the company having 38,000 head of oxen and 5,000 mules) transporting supplies for the various forts on the plains and the moving of supplies for the army distributed over the frontier country, altogether put the great firm in straightened circumstances financially. They had borrowed large amounts of money of Ben Holliday in an attempt to make the pony express pay. But it proved a failure financially. These, with other losses, caused the firm to offer to turn over the stage line to Ben Holliday.

Indians United in Raid On Stage

Majors Russell and Waddell had become famous over the western plains as well as over the entire Overland trail. The great stream of immigrants were nearly always in sight of some of the immense trains of oxen or mules belonging to this firm. Ben Holliday, after taking possession of the stage and express business, reorganized and distributed additional men and horses (this was during the winter of 1860-61), with grain and other supplies along the line from St. Joseph, Missouri, through Wyoming via Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City. In March, 1862, as if every Indian in the country had been especially instructed (the Shoshones and Bannocks in the western mountains and the Sioux on the plains) simultaneously pounced upon every station between Bridgers Ferry and Bear River (about where Evanston, Wyoming, now stands). They captured the horses and mules on that division of the Overland route. The stages, passengers and express were left standing at stations. The Indians did not on that raid kill anyone except at Split Rock on the Sweetwater. Holliday, being a little stylish, had brought out from Pennsylvania a colored man who had

been raised in that state and who could only talk Pennsylvania Dutch. The Indians, when they reached Split Rock, called on black face, as they called him, to make heap biscuit, heap coff (meaning coffee), heap slug. Black Face said, "Nix come roush." They then spoke to Black Face in Mexican. The colored man shook his head and said, "Nixey." Whereupon they tried a little French half-breed talk. Black Face said "Nix fershta." In the meantime the colored man seemed about to collapse. Things looked serious for him. After a consultation they concluded to skin him alive and get heap rawhide. Then they said heap shoot. So they killed the poor fellow and helped themselves to the grub and left.

Tells of Passing of the Buffalo

In the year of 1857, I made a trip from Lawrence, Kansas, west up the Kansas River to the confluence of the Smoky Hill and Republican Rivers, thence in a westerly direction towards the Rocky Mountains about 150 miles in the then buffalo country for a buffalo hunt. Saw a great many and killed six or eight fat ones, all and more than we needed to dry or jerk, as the old plainsman called that way of curing the meat. The herds I saw on that hunt surprised me as to the great numbers (being then a tenderfoot), were nothing to compare, not even worth mentioning, to what I saw two years later during the spring and summer of 1859, when on my trip up the Arkansas river via Bents old fort to Pikes Peak (or bust) to where Denver now stands, I made a trip across the country from the South Platte to Pawnee Buttes, and as near as I can recollect near where the town of Kimball, Nebraska, now stands. From the South Platte as far north as I then traveled there was one vast herd. To estimate or comprehend the number would have been entirely futile. I had traveled over 200 miles, buffalo being on all sides as far as the eye could see. To say there was millions would not express it. As near as I can now recollect locations, on coming over from Pawnee Buttes to some pine-covered bluffs which are now called Pine Bluffs, was a most magnificent sight. It was the thickest of the great herds, and was in the vicinity of where the dry farmers are now raising wheat and oats. The entire country east, west and north from the bluffs that I stood upon that bright day in August, 1859, was one brown-colored group of buffalo cows and calves. The bulls evidently being further north. The very old bulls of the herds of buffalo were relegated to the rear by the younger and more vigorous fighters, such as the three- and four-year-olds, which were in the advance. It was quite common for those of us who had saddle ponies to ride out among

the cows and calves and by a little fast riding the cows would wildly run off, leaving the calves behind or in the rear of the cows, we would then ride, circling around and the calves would follow a horseman into camp, where we would pick out the choicest and have fine veal roasting.

The present theory that those great herds of buffalo were mostly slaughtered for their hides until about all were extinct, is a very great mistake. Of course many of them were wantonly slaughtered for their hides, but millions of them, that mostly wintered in the Indian Nation country, were pushed north, remaining through the very severe winters in the great northwest, perishing by the hundreds of thousands.

First White Boy Born in Cheyenne

A writer once said no book of western reminiscences would be of interest if some part or chapter did not date back to a period when it deserved more than ordinary gossip.

For instance, when the Union Pacific Railroad Company, in the early history of Cheyenne, offered a city lot to the first boy born there, Mr. William Wise, one bright morning in December, 1867, stepped around to the company's office headquarters and informed them of the recent birth and immediate christening of George Cheyenne Wise. The exact date was December 6, 1867, but many fine Wyoming boys immediately followed, and the first little pioneer was soon forgotten by the public.

Coming of Railroad was Great Event

November 13, 1867, the Union Pacific track reached Cheyenne. The event caused much enthusiasm, music and display of flags and all sorts of bunting; with all of the various kinds of gambling games displayed in the open on the sidewalks and three-card monte down on the ground in the street to make it appear more innocent to the pilgrim or tenderfoot, who could almost see a fortune slipping from him for want of courage to put his money on the sure winner of the three-card game or the roulette wheel.

The celebration was one of the events such as was never celebrated before in the Rocky Mountains. It has been claimed by various religious denominations as to whom belongs the honor of the first sermon preached in Cheyenne. A Rev. Gilbert, an Episcopal minister, held service in a tent some time during the month of June, 1867. This seems to be a matter of record in a report made by Mr. Gilbert, although the exact date is not known here at this time. It is sufficiently a fact that the first sermon was preached by Mr. Gilbert. On July 22, 1867, a Methodist minister preached a sermon in a partly finished

frame building. On August 4, 1867, a Baptist minister preached a discourse, which was listened to by a large crowd of bullwhackers, mule-skinners, cowboys and gamblers.

First Postoffice in Small Shanty

The services were held in an unfinished building belonging to Judge J. R. Whitehead. During the month of September, 1867, Thomas McLeland was appointed postmaster of Cheyenne and commenced his official duties in a 10 by 12 board shanty. He handled about 3,000 letters daily and received the gratifying salary of \$1 per month.

Leader Was First in Field

The first paper, the Cheyenne Leader, was issued by Mr. N. A. Baker, on the 19th of September, 1867. In the first few months of its publication it told of the arrival of the first theatrical company, "The Julesburg Theatrical Troupe."

An important occurrence was the advent of a velocipede on January 23, 1868, which the cowboys named a two-wheeled jackrabbit. About the same time a rather impromptu wedding occurred and it was announced in the Leader in this way:

On the east half of the northwest quarter of section twenty-two (22), township twenty-one (21), north of range eleven (11) east, in an open sleigh and under open and unclouded canopy by the Rev. J. F. Mason, James B., only son of John Cox of Colorado, and Ellen C., eldest daughter of Major G. Harrington of Nebraska.

Work on Black Hills Stage Line

From April 3, 1876, I was constantly moving over the Black Hills stage line from Cheyenne to Deadwood, back and forth, in getting stations established and built, and in trying to get the right kind of men to look after them.

The Indians during that year were on the warpath, committing all kinds of depredations, killing men and stealing stock. I returned from one of the trips to Cheyenne, April 18, 1876. I came over the road from Custer City, leaving there April 15. At Red Canon, on the morning of the 16th, I came upon one of the most horrible sights it has ever been my misfortune to look upon. The Metz family and a few other immigrants had camped over night near my Red Canon station, or about three miles south of the station. The Indians had at daylight fell upon the campers while they were cooking breakfast. They succeeded in killing all but three of the outfit, who made their escape to one of my stations on the Cheyenne river.

Horrible Massacre of Metz Family

The Metz family were all murdered. A colored woman who was with the Metz family was taken prisoner. When I came to where they had camped it was with horror that I saw the beastly, mutilating, scalping and dismembering of the dead bodies. The breasts of Mrs. Metz had been cleaved from the body, her arms and hands were lying around in pieces. I, with some of my men, gathered up the fragments as best we could and by knocking a wagon box to pieces, did the best we could under the circumstances and excitement to bury them, as we were looking for the Indians to pick us up any moment. I will mention the man Stimson, who I had known very well, and who I recognized by a mark on one of his ears. The Indians had evidently carved him beyond any that I ever saw. Every toe, finger, nose and ears were cut off, and he was scalped much more than the usual scalp lock. They had peeled his entire head. From what I learned afterwards, Stimson had wounded two of the Indians in the fight, the wounded Indians had the pleasure of carving without the aid of the other Indians.

The Metz family were formerly from Laramie City, Wyoming, and had been to Custer City, but becoming home sick, were returning when they were killed. The Indians taking all of their stock and everything that was of any use to an Indian. There were three men wounded who made their escape to one of my stage stations. They could not be carried on the stages with rapid driving. I sent or asked to have a surgeon sent to them from Fort Laramie. On April 19th, three days after the Metz family was murdered one of my partners, Henry E. Brown, was killed, about 18 miles north of Hat Creek station.

Indian Raids Halt Stage Operations

The Indians who had killed the colored man, Black Face, at Split Rock stage station on the Sweetwater, left, going west-erly, at Devil's Gate station, met Lem Flowers, Jim Reed and Bill Brown, three of the stage company's men, who put up a good fight, but were severely wounded. They gave up their horses as the Indians were in such numbers that they were glad to be left alive. The attacks on the stage line in the district, which is now Wyoming, caused the stoppage of all stages on the entire line. The war department could do nothing but push some volunteer troops as rapidly as possible, as all the regulars had been called to the southern states to help take care of the rebellion. The Fourth Iowa cavalry made forced marches and arrived on the scene of the depredations in May, 1862. They were followed by the Eleventh Ohio cavalry and the Eighth Kansas infantry. These troops were distributed

over a wide scope of country to guard the immigrants; escort the coaches and repair the telegraph lines when destroyed by the Indians. The Iowa boys did noble work against the Banocks, Shoshones and Sioux. The presence of the Iowa troops was a guarantee that fighting was to be done. Many times they found teams of the immigrants overloaded, the oxen given out, lame mules, horses, etc. I have often seen cattle, horses and mules scattered along the overland trail, having been abandoned and left to be gathered by any one who wanted them, or by the Indians. Also along the road was household furniture, farm and other implements of almost every imaginable kind which had been dumped out to lighten loads. Many times immigrants becoming alarmed by the great danger encountered from Indians (sometimes without real danger) would divest themselves of everything so they could travel more rapidly. The great rush of gold seekers to Denver and Colorado to bring all of the influence possible on the postoffice department to permit Ben Holliday to change the overland mail and stage line from the North Platte to the South Platte river via Julesburg, Denver, Dale Creek, Laramie plains due west over Bridgers pass, Bitter Creek, Green River to Fort Bridger, where the routes joined. The change was decided on in July, 1862.

Overland Route Is Changed

The rolling stock, horses and other property was gathered at the station just above Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater. Major O'Farrell, in command of A company of the Eleventh Ohio cavalry, was to be the escort at the time of the transfer. The first day the long train of wagons, coaches, horses and mules made eleven miles from the station where the property had been gathered. The direction was south from Sweetwater. The camp made the first night was in a gap in the mountains (since that time called Whiskey gap), there being a fine spring of water and plenty of good wood for cooking purposes. Shortly after going into camp the major noticed quite a number of his soldiers were hilariously drunk. He at once sent for one of his lieutenants (who was officer of the day) and informed him of the condition of the men. The major was certain from his past experience that some one was selling whiskey in the camp. There were a number of immigrants who had availed themselves of the protection of the command for safe conduct to the new overland trail. Lieutenant Brown, who was the officer of the day, received orders to search all of the immigrants' wagons and if he discovered whiskey, to at once destroy it. Taking a squad of his company with him he commenced the search for the contraband whiskey.

Bootlegging Flourished in Early Days.

After examining every wagon in the camp but one, which they thought was too innocent looking to have whiskey aboard; when they came to this they found a barrel of "forty-rod" whiskey. The officer at once ordered his men to roll the barrel out, knock in the head and empty the contents on the ground. This was done at once, but it happened that the spot where the whiskey was emptied was just above a spring and the firey liquid went pouring down into the water supply of the camp. The soldiers at once saw that the precious stuff was going to waste, and they rushed forward with cups, canteen pails, camp kettles to save what they could of the whiskey. Those who were without even a tin cup to hold the liquor while it was running down the hillside, stamped holes with their boot heels in the ground and caught the whiskey in the holes and lying down, drank it. A half-hour later the "forty-rod" whiskey showed its effect pretty generally through the camp; in fact but few sober men were in the camp. One soldier who was more lucky than some others and had succeeded in getting a full canteen from the spring, grew good and mellow. While in this drunken condition, he paid his respects to Major O'Farrell at the headquarters, assuring the major with many a "hie" that that was the finest spring he had ever seen and the best water he had ever tasted.

The major was very fearful of an attack from the Indians that night. The condition of his men was most discouraging as he was helpless from the drunken condition in his camp. He knew a small band of Indians could make a disastrous raid on his camp. Those of the major's men who were less intoxicated were kept on the alert that night. As luck would have it, no Indians put in an appearance and by morning the whiskey had either soaked in the mud or been slept off by the soldiers.

The gap in the mountains at that place had never been named by any of the old trappers, but from that event it has been known as "Whiskey Gap." From that place to the south stage road known as Laramie Plains overland road, the major had no more trouble in delivering the stage company's equipment on the Bitter Creek route.

Arids Favored Moving of Stage Equipment

The affair at Whiskey gap, when the soldiers got drunk on spring water, mentioned in my last letter, endangered the entire project. Major O'Farrell apprehended an attack from the Shoshone Indians. And had the Indians known the condition of the soldiers, they would have slaughtered or captured the whole outfit.

The major knew that with a lot of drunken soldiers he would be helpless and would be unable to resist an attack.

But fortunately no Indians appeared that night and by morning the drunken debauch of the soldiers had worn off. So that a fearful massacre was narrowly averted.

When they had escorted the stage stock to the new Bitter Creek overland trail it was then distributed along and at the new stage stations.

The changing of the stock and equipment was done in such a short time that there was no trip missed nor a single mail delayed. As I have said heretofore, the new line followed the South Platte by way of Denver, Fort Collins, Dale Creek, Laramie Plains, Bridgers Pass, Barrel Springs, Salt Wells, down Bitter Creek to Green River, then on to Salt Lake City. The stations were established about ten miles apart. Home stations where the drivers lived and changed, were about 60 miles apart. Each of these home stations had stables for about 60 horses.

Ticket Over Route Cost Only \$300

In those days, the magnificent equipment furnished by Ben Holliday was considered more wonderfully luxurious than is now a modern railway. The cost of a ticket via Denver to Salt Lake City was \$300.

The coaches were all made by the then famous Concord Coach Manufacturing Company of Concord, N. H. All the harness was made by the Hill Harness Company of the same place. The passenger eating stations were at the home stations, 60 miles apart. At the intermediate stations ten miles apart, only the horses were changed, which were left in charge of two men. Every horse had its own harness, was well fed, well groomed and the changes were made with the very least possible delay to the coach. The horses were mostly from Kentucky. Evry horse in each team was of the same color, and it was the pride and boast of Ben Holliday that there never was (and in fact there never has been since) such an elegant, high-class outfit in any horse transportation company in the world.

Holliday Takes Golden Treasure With Him

In June, 1863, Ben Holliday concluded to make a personal trip over the line with Mrs. Holliday from Sacramento, Cal., to Atchison, Kan. He telegraphed his intention to do so, with strict orders that no one but the division superintendents should know of his trip at that time, but to have extra horses at the relay stations, so as to make record time.

He desired the utmost secrecy for the reason that he was taking \$40,000 in gold with him to New York (gold at that

time being worth \$2.40 in greenbacks). He had a false bottom securely built in the coach where he packed the gold, so that should he be held up, no road agent would suspect the money being in other place than the treasure box, which was always carried in the front boot of the stage. The United States mail was carried in the hind boot.

Robbers Very Kindly Scratched Ben's Nose

At that date it was a rare thing to have any of the Overland stages held up by any one but the Indians. However, on this special trip of Ben Holliday, it really happened, for between Green River stage station and Salt Wells on Bitter Creek, Wyoming, three men suddenly sprang from a ravine, each armed with a double barrell shotgun and two Dragoon revolvers, calling to the drivers to halt, which order was quickly obeyed. The road agents ordered all passengers' hands up high. On seeing a lady passenger in the coach, they said she need not get out as they (the robbers) were gentlemen of the first water and never molested a lady. But they warned Mr. Holliday to keep his hands above his head. During the search through the treasure box and mail, Ben Holliday's heavy, bristly moustache began tickling his nose. It became so acute and unbearable that he finally made a move to scratch it. Instantly the road agent ordered his hands up high. "My God," said Ben, "I must scratch my nose, I can't stand it."

"You keep your hands up where I told you," said the agent. "I will attend to the nose business." So he proceeded to rub Ben's nose with the muzzle of the shotgun. Thus relieved, he held up his hands until the search was finished.

However, the false bottom in the coach was a success, for it saved the gold which Mr. Holliday carried safely through to New York, where he changed it into greenbacks, clearing the handsome sum of \$56,000.

Early Experiences in Salt Lake City

During the winter of 1866, I made the trip by stage from northern Montana (Helena) to Salt Lake City, or Zion, as the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, called Utah territory at that time. I had been gold placer mining in the northwest for three years and had about 200 pounds of gold dust which I was anxious to get run into ingots or bars and sell for currency. Gold at that time was worth \$2.40 in greenbacks. After finding an assay office and arranging the gold dust business, I located at the Salt Lake House (then kept by the Mormons and said to be the best hotel between Chicago and San Francisco at that time), at \$45 per week in advance. After looking over the

tabernacle, the Lion house (Brigham Young's residence), with his numerous wives and fifty children, more or less, I visited the Elephant corral, where all the overland stage drivers, freighters, miners, Spaniards, Mexicans, half-breeds, with a sprinkling of about all nationalities who would congregate at the corral, as the boys would say, to swap lies.

An incident I remember very well—one day a man from the desert came in riding one caynse and leading another, on which he had all of his worldly belongings. He and the caynse looked alkaliied. His name was Bill Burrmeister, and he was known all over the west as Yeast Powder Bill. He said he was both hungry and thirsty (and he looked it) and had traveled for two days without water to drink and his grub, consisting of a few pounds of self-rising flour, his cooking utensils, a tin can and a frying pan.

Yeast Powder Bill Gets a Meal

He borrowed on one of the ponies of the Walker brothers, who owned the corral, \$14, so he would, as he remarked, have capital to feed, drink and get barbered, see Zion and take a look at the Saints, or more particularly the Saintesses, as he called them. Of course, he was very anxious to meet the twelve apostles, as soon as he could meet St. Peter to introduce him. He said he and Sam Clemens had been prospecting out in Nevada for big silver mines. Clemens, he said, claimed to be a great pilot (sagebrush pilot). Bill said he and Sam got lost on their prospecting trip and Sam was not the pilot he had been bragging about, so he quit Twain and came to Zion. He invaded the barber shop and by paying \$2 got a hair cut and a shave. Upon inquiring for a place where spirits were sold, he was directed across the street to a building with a sign over the entrance, which read: "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. Holiness to the Lord." Yeast Powder, upon entering, found what he thought he was most in need of—whiskey. The holiness to the Lord fellows had learned to make or brew a native drink out of wheat and potatoes, called valley tan. I never tried it, but those who did said it was the stuff. It would make a man fight a Sierra grizzly bear or his grandmother. Bill bought one drink for 50 cents and it created such an increase in his estimate of the mines that he and Clemens didn't discover, that he bought another. The world looked brighter after taking the second drink and he wanted a square meal. He was directed to the Salt Lake House. Bill laid off his belt and two navy revolvers so he could eat comfortably. The landlord said the dinner was \$3, pay in advance.

Yeast Powder said it seemed steep, but he always tried to play the game to the limit, so he paid the \$3 and entered the dining room. The menu was not a printed one, but verbal. Little Mollie, the waitress, or head waitress, was a very good looking little English (Mormon) girl. Bill told her to call the roll for \$3 worth of grub, as he wanted to chaw worse than a California grizzly wanted to chaw a Digger Indian. Mollie called over the grub as she thought of it. She said: "Carrots, biled beef, cabbage, taters, turnips, tea, hog meat and beans (Brigham Young cautioned his people to say hog meat, not pork), dried apple pie, stewed calves' liver and curlew." "Curlew! What in the h——l is curlew?" Mollie said it was a bird that could fly away up and whistle. Well, Bill said any d——d thing that could fly and whistle and would stay in this country, he did not want to tackle, so he took tea, hog meat and beans, taters, calves' liver and dried apple pie.

Officers Were Men of Highest Type

Before closing events that occurred, as my recollection serves me, in the early days of the overland stage companies, I wish to state that all the officers connected with the operating department, and there were many of them, were men of the highest type of gentlemen, with one exception—J. A. Slade—and he, when not drinking, was an excellent superintendent to look after a line that had to be conducted through an Indian country with the various tribes who were on the war path most of the time from 1862 to 1868. I speak of Slade, as much has been said about him that was not true, such as his being connected with thieves and murderers, pillaging immigrants, stealing horses and mules and other crimes that he was not guilty of. He was guilty of one or two crimes which I will mention, that was enough to be charged up to him, which made him one of the most notorious of men on the overland trail. Prior to the moving of the stock and equipment from the North Platte-Sweetwater line to the South Platte River, Denver, Laramie Plains, Bridger Pass and Bitter Creek route, Slade had made his headquarters at Fort Laramie (at that time a large government post) from 1859 to 1862, and on the southern route at Virginia Dale after moving from Fort Laramie. It was rumored that he killed a man named Andy Farrar, a man connected with a bull train, both men being drunk or drinking. Farrar dared Slade to shoot him, which Slade promptly did, wounding Farrar dangerously. Horrified at what he had done, he expressed great sorrow (this occurring at Green River), and he hired the best horse that could be

got and sent a man with all haste to Fort Bridger for a surgeon. The doctor came promptly, but Farrar died. This was Slade's first shooting incident. As superintendent of the stage company, Slade had many adventures. He conducted business that pleased, or at least, was satisfactory to the stage company, being always prompt and vigilant night and day. All agreed he was a good man when not drinking, but dangerous when in liquor.

Slade's Fight With Jules Rani

The most noted of his fights was with Jules Rani, a Canadian Frenchman, who owned and conducted a ranch, sold bad whiskey, etc., where Julesburg now is located. Slade and Rani often met and about as often quarreled. Slade drank himself, but he was down on any one of his employes that did, or any one who sold whiskey to his employes. Slade and Jules, is one of their disputes, Jules getting the drop on Slade, fired with a double barrel shotgun, putting fifteen buck shot in Slade's body. Jules coolly said to some one who witnessed the shooting, "When he is dead, put him in one of these old dry goods boxes and bury him." Slade was apparently mortally wounded, but was live enough to hear Jules make the remark. Slade said, with an oath, that he would live long enough to wear one of Jules' ears on his watch chain. The overland stage came up before Slade was moved and the superintendent ordered the men to arrest Jules, which they did, and proceeded to hang him. After they pulled him up until he was black in the face, they let him down, and, on his promise to leave the country and never return, they let him go. Jules did not do as he agreed to. Slade was sent to St. Louis to have the buck shot removed. He had seven taken out, the balance he carried in his person to remind him of eternal vengeance; and, on his return on the stage line, sent word to Jules that he would kill him on sight. Rani, on receipt of Slade's message, made it his business to put himself in Slade's way with the purpose of doing Slade up. Slade sent four men to Bordeaux's ranch on the Platte River, where he heard Jules was stopping, but, not finding him there, they then went to Chausau's ranch, where they found their man. They captured him, bound his hands and feet and placed him in a corral. Slade, on his arrival, went to the corral, and with his dragoon revolver, shot Jules in the mouth but did not kill him. A second shot went through his brain, instantly killing Jules. Slade went then to Fort Laramie and offered to give himself up, but the commanders of the fort discharged him, as they thought he was justified in killing Jules. There were many stories reported

about the way Slade did the killing. I was not present, but talked at different times with several of the stage drivers. One said Slade had Jules placed in a standing position and then Slade fired repeated shots at Jules; between each shot he would ask all hands to go into the ranch and take a drink. Then he would tell Jules he was going to shoot him in the breast or in the side of the head, etc.; finally he was shot through the head. Slade then cut off Jules' ears, and put them in his pocket, where he carried them for a long time, and when on one of his drunks, he would show the ears and ask the bystanders if they needed any souse.

A Three-Card Sharp

During the building of the Union Pacific railroad, more especially the summer of 1867, Canada Bill worked up and down the little towns which sprang up as the road progressed. He would appear with his three dirty cards, which he would show the onlookers and tell them how to guess the proper card so as to win 20 or 50 dollars, just an easy matter, as Canada would explain, but the card bet on by the suckers always lost.

Bill said he would pay the management of the railroad \$5,000 a year for permission to exert himself with three cards and would guarantee not to molest or work anyone except ministers and Mormons.

Prospecting for Gold

I have been asked many times in the last forty years what I thought as to the truth of the old stories of placer gold diggings in the Big Horn and Wind River mountains in Wyoming. From the time of my first trip on the plains in 1857, being one year before gold was discovered on Cherry Creek, Colorado, 1858, by Green Russel and his company of prospectors, which caused the great stampede in 1859 to Pikes Peak, all of the talk I had with mountaineers (and some of them were monumental liars) was that there existed on the head waters of the Wind River and Big Horn mountains great placer deposits of gold. Indians and old trappers who had traversed the entire Rocky Mountains country would declare that they knew of heaps of gold (as they would say in their bragging way). It had been talked about by California miners, Idaho prospectors and Pikes Peakers, that as soon as it was safe to go into this country and do prospecting they were for that country.

Three different parties in each of which I had friends, made the attempt to get into the Big Horn and Wind River country in the spring of 1863. About the 10th of May, Bill

Fairweather, Tom Daily and twelve others left the Boise Basin for the Big Horn. They reached the head waters of the Gallatin River, crossed over the divide to the headwaters of the Big Horn. The first night camping and campfires attracted a band of Blackfeet Indians. A fight ensued. One of the company being slightly wounded. They believed from signs and smokes over the valley below that the safest thing to do was to return west. They crossed over the main range to the headwaters of the Jefferson River, where camping one day at noon to make some coffee and flapjacks, while preparing for their dinner, Fairweather said he would do a little prospecting. He dug up a pan of dirt from the grass roots, went to the creek, washed it out and had three pennyweight of nice gold worth \$3. They named the gulch or creek Alder Gulch. Millions of dollars' worth of gold has been taken out of that stream. In June of the same year (1863) another party, Sam T. Houser, Grantville Stuart, George Ives, John Vanderbilt and several others left East Bannock, Idaho, to prospect in the Wind River mountains. They were supplied with good saddle and pack animals, the best rifles and revolvers with plenty of cartridges. On getting over on the headwaters of Wind River they encountered a band of Sioux Indian warriors. From that time until arriving at Soda Springs where I met them they had one continuous fight with the Indians. Two of the party being killed. When they came into my camp I thought they were the most tired and wretched Indian fighters I had ever met. They had been unable to get either sleep or rest. We fixed them up with a good camp dinner and they felt better.

Indians Barred Early Prospector

They were firm in the belief from traditions told them that great quantities of placer gold existed in the Wind River mountains and streams. From that time until 1867 the Indians did not allow a white man to show his scalp in the Big Horn or Wind River range. Jeff Stanifer, his brother Jim, and three others, all good mountaineers, were determined to do some prospecting in the Sioux country. But after three weeks continuously being harassed by the Snake, Sioux and Cheyenne Indians they gave up and came into where Green River station is now located. They were a sorry looking outfit.

The great excitement over Nevada and Colorado about great silver mines and the danger of meeting the Sioux warriors in the Big Horn, stopped all prospecting in that part of Wyoming. Of late years nearly all of the old prospectors and those who have gone over the divide in early years believed that

great placer gold mines would be found in the western mountain ranges of our state. I myself have firm faith that there will yet be great diggings discovered in Wyoming. If I was a younger man with the experience I have had, I would organize a party and put in a season of prospecting, as I am so confident that Wyoming contains millions of the precious metals yet undiscovered.

Miscellaneous Selections

The Death of Meriweather Lewis

(From Everybody's Magazine)

A century ago there was no more promising youth in America than Meriweather Lewis. After a brilliant career as a soldier, he had been appointed private secretary to President Jefferson, and had shown himself so trustworthy, so energetic, so resourceful, that when Jefferson determined to make an exploration of the great territory he was just purchasing, he selected Lewis as the one to accomplish it, knowing how thoroughly he could rely on his accuracy and his truthfulness.

Six years later, in 1809, his brilliant feat accomplished—he was even then but 35 years old—Lewis left his beloved west for the last time and set out for Washington to confer with the president. He crossed the Mississippi at the Chickasaw Bluffs, where Memphis now stands, and taking Indian trails southeasterly, struck the Trace at the crossing of the Tennessee River, in Lauderdale County, Alabama. Turning toward Nashville, he came alone, on the night of October 11th, to the "stand" or tavern of Robert Grinder above the crossing of Little Swan, 72 miles from Nashville. Accommodations were rude, and Lewis wrapped himself in his buffalo robe and slept on the floor. A heavy storm was raging. In the night the women in an adjoining building heard a shot. In the morning Lewis was found dying, a pistol beside him.

Grinder circulated the report that Lewis had shot himself, and the explorer was buried beside the road close to the tavern. At Washington then, and by many historians since, Grinder's story has been believed; but by the settlers of that vicinity and by the women who lived at Grinder's, only one opinion was ever entertained—that Grinder had murdered him for his money. Grinder, at any rate, was known to have money in his possession after Lewis's death. He sold out his place and moved away. But the fame of Lewis has been blotted to this day by the story that he took his own life in a fit of melancholia. For forty years his grave remained unmarked. Then the Tennessee legislature appropriated \$500 for a monument; the bones were dug up and identified; an irregular

county, having the grave as its approximate center, was named Lewis, and a few acres about the monument set aside for a park. Since then nothing has been done to care for it, but the broken column stands as it was placed, beside the forsaken road.

So on that breathless afternoon my pilgrimage had its end. I had come to find this traditional shaft to a traditional man, whose traditional murder marked the center of a county. But I found his monument was greater than that, for it was the old road itself over which he had traveled, and the hilltop on which he died, and the forest which still covers it. Into them all his soul has entered.

I think he would not have ordered his burial in any other place.

THE CUSTER MASSACRE **None Was Left to Tell the Story**

In a recent dispatch, the thirty-eighth anniversary of the annihilation of Custer's command by the Sioux, an account of the events leading up to the battle, was given by George H. Welch, a farmer who in 1876 was a trooper in the Seventh cavalry. In the dispatch it was said that only one man who participated in the Custer fight survives—Curley, a Crow Indian, who was one of Custer's scouts.

The story that Curley the Crow participated in the battle on the Little Big Horn has been told many times, and just as often denied. As far as history records, only one living member of Custer's squadron survived the fight. The survivor was a horse, which was wounded many times, but which recovered and was cared for tenderly by the men of the Seventh until it died of old age. If the scout Curley had been an actual participant in the battle, the war department would have something definite today about the fight for its records. Every effort has been made to get the true story of that day's conflict, and every effort has failed.

Cyrus Townsend Brady probably has spent more time than any other man in trying to get at the truth of what is known as the Custer massacre. "The Yellow Haired Chieftian," General Custer, before advancing into the valley, where he met his death with all his followers, had detached Majors Reno and Benteen, each with a squadron, to advance by the flanks. Benteen's force was turned back by impassable country, and it joined the force of Reno just in time to save the latter from Custer's fate. Custer went to his death with 225 men, which were all the men General Custer had on that day. Chief Rain-in-the-Face had 2,500 of Sitting Bull's warriors. No one knows to this day the true story of how it all happened.

The Disappointed Tenderfoot

(Author Unknown)

He reached the West in a palace car
Where the writers tell us the cowboys are,
With the redskin bold, and the centipede,
And the rattlesnake and the loco weed.
He looked around for the Buckskin Joes
And the things he'd seen in Wild West shows;
The cowgirls gay and the broncos wild,
And the painted face of an Injun child;
He listened close for the fierce warhoop,
And his pent-up spirits began to droop,
And he wondered then if the hills and nooks
Held none of the sights of the story books.

He'd hoped he would see the marshal pot
Some bold, bad man with a pistol shot;
And entered a low saloon by chance,
Where the tenderfoot is supposed to dance
While the cowboy shoots at his boot heels there,
And the smoke of powder begrims the air.
But all was quiet, as if he'd strayed
To the silent spot where the dead are laid;
Not even a faro game was seen
And no one flaunted the long, long green.
'Twas a blow for him who had come in quest
Of a touch of the real, wild, woolly west.

He vainly sought for a bad cayuse
And the swirl and swish of the flying noose,
And the cowboy's yell as he roped a steer,
But nothing of this fell on his ear.
Not even a wide-brimmed hat he spied,
But derbies flourished on every side;
And the spurs and chaps and flannel shirts,
The high-heeled boots and the guns and quirts,
The cowboy saddles and silver bits,
And fancy bridles and swell outfits
He'd read about in the novels grim.
Were not on hand for the likes of him.

He peered about for the stage coach old,
And the miner-man with his bag of gold,
And a burro train with its pack loads which
He'd read they tie with a diamond hitch.
The rattler's whirr and the coyote's wail,
Ne'er sounded out as he hit the trail,
And no one knew of a branding bee,
Nor a steer roundup that he longed to see;
But the oldest settler, named Six-Gun Sim,
Rolled a cigarette and remarked to him,
"The west hez gone to the East, my son,
And its only in the movies sich things is done."

Appendix

THE VOORHEES FAMILY INHERITS THE FAMOUS LEWIS & CLARK MANUSCRIPTS

New Material Discovered in Captain Clark's Diary

Note.—The documents and illustrations herewith were taken from the originals in the possession of Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhees and Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhees of New York. I have, in copying from the original, endeavored to make the characters, abbreviations, spelling and punctuations as exactly as possible to correspond with the original letters and papers so long held by relatives of Lewis and Clark. It will be noticed that many sentences commence not with a capital letter, but small letters.

During the preparation for the Centennial Exposition held at St. Louis, 1904, a mass of manuscript material was discovered in New York city, which throws much new light on what is generally regarded as the most romantic chapter in the records of American exploration; the Trans-continental Expedition made by Lewis and Clark in 1803-06. To convey an adequate idea of the significance of those documents, it will be necessary briefly to review the curious history of the official journals of that hardy enterprise, planned by President Jefferson, who had for twenty years been eager to learn something definite of the far west and an exploration toward the Pacific between the Missouri and Pacific was one of his most ardent schemes. Three previous projects with George Rogers Clark in 1783, John Ledyard in 1786, and Andrie Michaux in 1793, had from various causes proved a failure. Being now president as such he was able to induce congress to grant the necessary aid to a new expedition. At that date, 1802-3, it was very difficult to get a man with some knowledge of science who had, besides, "scholarly ability, the necessary courage, good habits, good health & somewhat adapted to the woods & what was considered most essential, a man in a measure familiar with western Indians." Not being able to find such a man who had his confidence, the President recognized in his private secretary, Meriweather Lewis, who had fought so well in western Indian campaigns with General Anthony Wayne who as history says was prudent but severe. Meriweather Lewis possessed all the traits of General Wayne with a cooler head and more reserve. He was not regularly educated in the highest terms of university education but possessed a great amount of accurate observation on

all the subjects of the wild west that would be likely to confront him in his trip to the then great unknown west. Lewis in March 1803 made a trip to Philadelphia to take a short course of scientific study with men residing there which better qualified him for those observations of the longitude and latitude necessary to fix the points of the route he will travel over. Early in the course of his preparations Lewis determined with President Jefferson's consent to secure a companion who should share his honors and responsibilities. Lewis chose William Clark who was four years his senior, but who had been his boyhood friend in Virginia.

The Clark family preceded several years by the eldest son, George Rogers Clark, moved to Kentucky in 1784. When Meriweather Lewis was ten years old and William Clark fourteen. Young Clark had entered upon military service in the west in his 21st year. As the result of exceptional valor and the execution of several difficult missions which involved the exercise of considerable diplomacy he won a captaincy under General Wayne—at one time being in command of a detachment in which his old friend Lewis served as ensign.

The interesting correspondence which passed between these two fast friends incidental to the noted transcontinental expedition, with which their names must always be linked, will be given with this paper.

President Jefferson, with the true instinct of a scholar, was very much interested regarding the official records of this great enterprise, which he had inaugurated. In his remarkable letter of instructions to Captain Lewis (June 20, 1803), the President desires that "Beginning at the mouth of the Missouri River you will take observations of latitude and longitude at all remarkable points and especially at the mouth of rivers, at rapids, at islands and other places and objects distinguished by such natural marks and characters of a desirable kind as they may with certainty be recognized hereafter." The courses of the rivers and variations of the compass are also to be noted "with great pains and accuracy" as a "knowledge of these people is important." A long and carefully enumerated variety of data are to be accumulated regarding the Indian tribes" also notes regarding the geology, fauna, flora and meteorology of the region—all of which is particularly desirable. It is especially required that several copies of your notes should be made at leisure time and put into the care of the most trustworthy of your attendants to guard by multiplying them against the accidental losses to which they will be exposed. I remind you also that in the loss of yourselves we will lose also the information you will have acquired and as further precaution is required, to communicate to us at reasonable intervals a copy of your journal notes and observa-

tions of every kind putting into cypher whatever might do injury if betrayed."

(Note.—At the time of these instructions, the country to be explored and thus opened to the American fur trade, was in the hands of the Spanish.) For at that time France had not yet resumed control of the trans-Mississippi after the recession of 1800, and their suspicions must not be aroused. (Note Journal news of the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon had not yet reached Washington, but that Jefferson had secretly obtained some inkling of this event is evident from Lewis' letter to Clark, written the day before these instructions are dated and given at length. Possibly the instructions were actually written before Lewis's letter.)

Lewis left Washington on the morning of July 5, 1803, a few days after the receipt from Paris of the Louisiana purchase. These circumstances had in no way altered his arrangements, save that it was unnecessary further that secrecy as to the purpose of the exploration which had hitherto been enjoined upon him. The expedition was of a military detachment of about thirty persons, besides several French Canadians and half-breeds, hunters, trappers, interpreters and boatmen.

The first winter camp at River Dubois in Illinois opposite the Missouri where the men rigorously drilled both as soldiers and frontiersmen. the long and painful upstream journey during the Spring, Summer and Autumn of 1804 followed by the Winter among the Mandan Indians at Mandan which was about or near the present town of Bismarek, North Dakota, the difficult journey in 1805 to the head waters of the Missouri River. Having ascended the very head waters of the Missouri with their boats Lewis and Clark realized that they must obtain some other mode of carrying their equipments than by boat in order to reach the mouth of the Columbia River, as they had not met any Indians having ponies up to the time of their reaching the head waters of the Mo. River Lewis himself left the party making a dangerous journey of three days travel on foot over and into an unexplored country to try and find some tribe of Indians who had horses to sell or trade. On the third day he succeeded in finding a tribe of Snake Indians who had numbers of ponies which he bargained for returning to camp with ponies and Indians in almost a starved condition. living a part of the time on some inferior berries, roots &c. On getting the ponies they cached their boats and some of their equipment to be used on their return trip. Preparing pack saddles which they had got of the Indians to transport their goods and such provisions as they had they succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Columbia River in November 1805. In April 1806 they left Fort Clapstop on their return to St. Louis in the trip from St. Louis to the Pacific was consumed two years, four months and nine days. There is no room to doubt

that each of the two men Lewis & Clark kept his required diary with perfect fidelity excepting the few closing weeks of the expedition Lewis was disabled from a gunshot wound. There are now original notebooks by Clark covering all but ten days of the period; but unfortunately Lewis's diaries lack four hundred days exclusive of his sickness from a gunshot wound. Floyd Gass and Ordway sergeants also it has been published that at least three of the privates (soldiers) kept diaries. Gass's journal has been published, but I have never been able to get it so I could peruse it. Joseph Whitehouse's journal was published and I have been told could be found in the National Library Washington D. C. It has been said that it was the habit of Lewis and Clark each night or while resting in the boats to make rough notes in pocket field books many of whose pages bear rude outline maps, plans and miscellaneous sketches.

When encamped for a protracted period, these fieldbooks were developed into more formal records; the note-books kept at Fort Mandan and Fort Clapsop were particularly well done, for here there was leisure to make exhaustive inquiries among Indian neighbors and to set forth the results with proper care.

When developing their field-notes into better form, each appears to have often borrowed freely from the other. Lewis, the more scholarly of the two, generally re-wrote, in his own manner, the material obtained from Clark; but the latter not infrequently copied Lewis practically verbatim, although with phonetic spelling. Clark was, however, not only the better frontiersman, but served as the engineer of the detachment. Lacking formal instruction in draughtsmanship, he nevertheless made numerous and excellent maps, and upon the pages, both of his own and Lewis's note-books, drew sketches of birds, fish, leaves, native implements, and the like, with much exactness; some of his small colored maps would have been worthy of a skilled engineer. Upon arriving at St. Louis the individual journals were for the most part transcribed by their authors into neat blank-books, bound in red morocco, with brass clasps, and gilt-edged, with the thought of preparing them for early publication. After this process, the original field-books must have been cast aside, and in large measure destroyed.

From the inception of the enterprise, it had been intended by Jefferson that the results should be published; but a curious chain of circumstances, needless to relate here in detail—although their recitation would make an entertaining chapter in Bibliographical history—delayed this consummation until seven and a half years after the return. Gass's journal, originally rude notes, but moulded into presentable form by a West Virginia school-master, had promptly appeared in 1807. In that year, urged by Jefferson, Lewis himself issued a prospectus announcing the speedy publication of the official narrative.

The first volume was to contain the "narrative of the voyage," the second to be devoted chiefly to an account of "the Indian nations distributed over that vast region," and the third "exclusively to scientific research." Apart from this was to be published "Lewis and Clark's Map of North America, from longitude 9° west to the Pacific Ocean, and between 36° and 52° north latitude, with extensive marginal notes, dimensions five feet eight inches by three feet ten inches, embracing all their late discoveries, and that part of the continent hertofore the least known." Unfortunately for this project, the two captains had soon after their return received, together with commissions as generals, important government appointments—Lewis being made governor of Louisiana Territory, and Clark its Indian agent and brigadier general of militia, their official residences being St. Louis. The onerous duties appertaining to these offices, in the new and vast territory through which they had explored, were necessarily absorbing; and neither being a literary man, the task of publication was under such circumstances easily deferred.

In October, 1809, Lewis, heeding Jefferson's continued nudging—for the great man was visibly fretting under the delay—was proceeding to Washington and Philadelphia, incidentally on government business, but chiefly to get his work under way, when he was murdered some 60 miles southwest of Nashville. Clark, as the surviving commander, was at once approached by the indefatigable Jefferson, with the result that Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia—then well known as a young man of letters, a lawyer, and a publicist—was engaged to edit the journals. With the Lewis and Clark journals and maps before him, and further aided by the printed account of Gass and the manuscript journals of Ordway and Pryor, together with the verbal testimony of Clark and Private George Shannon, Biddle, at the close of a year, reported to Clark (July 8, 1811) that he had "completed the work according to our agreement," and was "ready to put it to the press." There was, however, considerable difficulty in procuring a publisher, for business was stagnant because of the war of 1812-15. Bradford and Inskeep were finally induced to undertake the responsibility; but before the work was issued (February, 1814) the publishers were in the bankruptcy court, the result being that less than 1,500 copies were actually sold; while the net profits were estimated at only \$154.10, of which neither Clark nor Biddle appeared to have received a penny.

The amount of manuscript material handled by Biddle in the editing of the journals, must have aggregated about a million and a half words. From this he constructed a narrative of some three hundred and seventy thousand words. A large portion of the scientific matter had, however, been eliminated, an arrangement having been made by Clark for its editing and publication by Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, an eminent Philadelphia scien-

tist; but this plan fell through, owing to Barton's illness and subsequent death. Thus, while the Biddle narrative contains a popular account of some of the principal discoveries, very little of the great mass of scientific data so laboriously noted by Lewis and Clark, has thus far been given to the world.

Says R. G. Goldthwaites, "The narrative by Biddle is eminently readable, possessing both unity and a simple and forceful literary style. The first person plural is used, save where the captains are individually mentioned, and then we have the third person singular. So skillfully is the work done that probably few readers have realized that they had not before them the veritable journals of the explorers themselves, written upon the spot. The result will remain one of the most digested and most interesting books of American travel, comparable in many respects with "Astoria" and "Booneville's Adventures"—of course, lacking Irving's charm of style; but possessing what Irving's two western classics sometimes do not, the ring of truth, which never fails to appeal to those who love a tale of noble adventure in the cause of civilization."

But Jefferson, having impatiently awaited the publication of the records for nearly eight years after the return of the expedition, appears not unnaturally to have been dissatisfied with the result. That the scientific material should thus be laid aside, particularly annoyed him. His correspondence with learned friends in Europe was burdened with laments over the unfortunate literary finale to the expedition concerning which he had long cherished such high hopes.

In 1816 we find him instituting a search for the manuscript journals of the explorers, with a view of placing them in the archives of the American Philosophical Society, of which he had for several years been president. These had become widely scattered, and he was obliged to exercise great pressure in inducing Clark and Biddle to bestir themselves in the matter; indeed, he plainly threatened the intervention of the War Department, by which the expedition was set forth, and insisted that the records were "the property of the government, the fruits of the expedition undertaken at such expense of money and risk of valuable lives." "They contain exactly the whole of the information which it was our object to obtain for the benefit of our own country and of the world, but we were willing to give to Lewis and Clark whatever pecuniary benefits might be derived from the publication, and therefore left the papers in their hands, taking for granted that their interests would produce a speedy publication, which would be better if done under their direction." But "From the mortification of not having succeeded in giving to the world all the results of that expedition," he proposed now to place them where at least scholars can have access to them, and possibly some time arrange for their publication in full.

Convinced, at last, that he had found all he sought, or at least all that was obtainable, Jefferson arranged with Biddle (April 6, 1818) to deposit the documents with the American Philosophical Society. For nearly seventy-five years this important material remained unnoticed and forgotten in the vaults of the society at Philadelphia, until, in December, 1892, Dr. Elliott Cones accidentally learned of its existence. He was at the time engaged in editing a reprint of the Biddle text, and enriched his notes with a number of citations from the originals—unfortunately freely modernized, as was his custom with the western manuscripts which he edited. These modified excerpts but served to wet the appetites of historical students, and thus led to the project for their eventual publication in extenso and with literal accuracy.

In the spring of 1901, the American Philosophical Society arranged with a New York house for the publication of the Lewis and Clark journals, direct from the original manuscripts in their custody—the present writer being engaged as the editor of the work—R. G. Goldthwaite. Biddle's letter accompanying the deposit of the note-books with the Philosophical Society, stated that the journal of Ordway was excepted, because Clark had asked for its return to him as his private property. As the journal of Floyd had been loaned by its owner, the Wisconsin Historical Society, for the purpose of insertion in this publication, and the publishers had secured the hitherto unknown journal of Whitehouse, it seemed desirable to add the Ordway journal, if in existence.

The several descendants of General William Clark were at once applied to, for permission to use the journal, in case it could be found among the family papers. As the result of protracted negotiations, an unexpected situation was revealed. The third son and fourth child of General Clark and his first wife, Julia Hancock, was George Rogers Hancock Clark, born at St. Louis in 1816. This son was his father's executor, and as such came into the possession of the explorer's papers and numerous other family relics, many of which he appears to have arranged and labelled with some care. Upon his death, in 1858, they descended to his eldest child, now Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhees of New York City, whose proprietary rights are at present shared with her daughter, Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhees.

Some six or seven years ago, Mrs. Voorhees permitted the publisher's of Scribner's Magazine to use certain of the Clark relics for illustrating an historical publication of the time, and had promised to the magazine the privilege of using such literary material in her collection as might be selected for its pages. Later, Miss Voorhees began the selection, for a projected work of her own, of certain documents which appertained to the public careers of various members of the Clark family, particularly William and George Rogers.

Such was the situation when the present writer, R. G. Goldthwaite, came upon the scene, with his application for the Ordway journal; unconscious of the other historical manuscripts which, still unknown to students of American history—although, as we have seen, a few publishers had general knowledge of it—lay in the possession of the Voorhees family. Indeed, the ladies themselves were as yet unaware of the full significance of their treasures, especially these appertaining to the great expedition. In the autumn of 1903 the writer was informed by Mrs. and Miss Voorhees that search for the Ordway journal, among the papers left by General Clark, while unsuccessful as to that document, had revealed the existence of other material presumably of interest in connection with the journey of Lewis and Clark. Several visits were made to New York, for the purpose of carefully examining the family papers thus suddenly revealed, at each of which fresh “finds” were made, of manuscript records, maps and letters, mostly by Clark, much of which evidently had not been opened within the fifty years or more which had elapsed since George Rogers Hancock Clark, with filial regard, classified and labelled them. The Clark-Voorhees collection, as we may for convenience term it, is of surprising richness, and proves to be of the utmost importance in a study of the famous expedition whose centennial we are now observing.

There are, in this interesting collection, four red morocco note-books, written up in St. Louis after the return of the expedition, and similar to those in the collection of the American Philosophical Society; three of these are diaries by Clark, covering the dates April 7 to July 3, 1805, January 30 to April 3, 1806, and April 4 to June 6, 1806; the fourth is a brief record of weather, distances, and astronomical and ethnological data, together with four colored maps. There is also one of Clark's pocket field-books, with his diary for September 11 to December 31, 1805, amply illustrated by about twenty sketch maps of the trail over the mountains, and two rude plans of Fort Clatsop, most of these interwoven with the badly blurred text. This book consists of small sheets of paper rudely sewn together, being evidently made up enroute, as necessity demanded, and wrapped about a soft piece of elk-skin. It is the only actual field-book by the captains, now known to be in existence. Another valuable document is the detachment's orderly book, running from April 1 to October 13, 1804, with separate sheets covering a few earlier and later dates, as revealing the methods of disciplining the party, these orders are of some value. There are ten letters (some of them drafts), exhibiting for the first time the relations between the two commanders—one of Lewis, offering Clark an equal partnership in the enterprise; Clark's letters of acceptance, addressed both to President Jefferson and to Lewis; Lewis to Clark, expressing gratification at the latter's decision, and others—all of them to

be quoted either in full or in substance below. Among the miscellaneous letters and memoranda are the original copy of Jefferson's famous (but useless) letter of credit, which was carried by Lewis throughout the journey—Jefferson's copy being preserved at the State Department in Washington; Clark's various military commissions, issued before and after the expedition; fragmentary records of courses and distances, Indian tribes, weather data, and the like; and notes on the Assiniboin country, obtained from British traders at Fort Mandan. But still more important to the historian and the geographer—because, unlike the other papers, they are for the most part absolutely new material, not covered in any of the Philadelphia documents are the sixty or more maps discovered in the Clark-Voorhees collection. These, all of them by Clark, vary in size from eight inches square to irregularly shaped charts consisting of sheets of letter paper gummed together, a few instances attaining a combined length of eight feet. Collectively, the maps illustrate the greater part of the journey both going and returning; and upon them are not only accurately noted the camping places, but occasionally there are interesting marginal comments on the country and the Indians, and references to some of the incidents of the day.

A query arises in this connection; why did not General Clark surrender this wealth of manuscripts either to the American Philosophical Society or to Jefferson, when the latter was eagerly searching for all the documents in the case, claiming them as the undoubted property of the government? The probable answer is, that Biddle found the four Clark morocco note-books of no service to him; for practically all of the facts contained in them are noted either in Lewis's journals of similar dates, or in later drafts by Clark as a rule, fuller, and in better form. He therefore probably returned the books to Clark, in the early stages of the work, keeping only those which later were placed in the society's archives. It is probable, also, that the engraver having completed the few maps which he deemed necessary for the publication, all of the charts made upon the expedition were returned to Clark. As for the skin-bound field-book, this having already been transcribed into a red morocco note-book, very likely the original did not go to Biddle at all; the orderly book, the various fragments, the Lewis-Clark correspondence, and the letter of credit, were doubtless also kept at St. Louis as being deemed for Biddle's purpose of a popular narrative, unusable material.

On his part, it is possible that Clark had either forgotten the existence of these documents, or, like Biddle, considered them as of relatively slight historical value. His seemingly careless treatment of them would appear to bear out the last conclusion. In all events, they remained among his papers until arranged by his son and executor, George Rogers Hancock Clark. There-

after, many were unopened until a full half-century later when the ladies undertook to search among them for the missing journal of Ordway, which still eludes them.

For the first time since the return of the expedition in September, 1806, it has at last become possible, through the discovery of the Clark-Voorhees collection, to publish to the world practically all of the literary records now extant, of one of the most notable enterprises in the history of civilization. When published without elimination, as they bid fair to be within the present year, the original journals will create a new interest in the deeds of Lewis and Clark. Not only do they much more than quadruple the number of words in the Biddle narrative, and the voluminous scientific data in botany, zoology, meteorology, geology, astronomy and ethnology—constitute an almost entirely new contribution, but we obtain from the men's note-books, as written from day to day, and the allied manuscripts which are at last available, a far more vivid picture of the explorers and their life, than can be seen through the alembic of Biddle's impersonal condensation.

There is certainly nowhere obtainable a more charming picture of man's love for man, than is revealed both in the affectionate letters between Lewis and Clark prior to the expedition—and herewith published for the first time—and in the pages of their private manuscript journals which are soon to appear in book form. Although Lewis was chosen by Jefferson as the official leader, he persisted in selecting Clark not only as a companion, but in all respects his equal in rank. Dividing between them the control of the party through practically three years, and often confronted by situations in which the greatest possible tact was essential to the harmony of such a relation, we find the two friends true to the end; nowhere is there evident a single note of discord, and not infrequently do they exhibit in their diaries a mutual attachment of that tender sort seldom seen among men.

The following letter of Lewis, proposing the project to Clark is from various points of view an interesting contribution to the history of the expedition:

Washington, June 19th, 1803.

Dear Clark:

Herewith inclosed you will receive papers belonging to your brother Genl. Clark, which sometime since you requested me to procure and forward to you; pray excuse delay which has taken place, it has really proceeded from causes which I could not control; Mr. Thompson Mason, the gentleman in whose possession they were, is a member of the Virginia legislature, and was absent of course from his residence untill March, previous to his return I was compelled to leave this place on a matter of business, which had detained me in Lancaster & Philadelphia until the day

before yesterday and since my return having possessed myself of the papers I seize the first moment to forward them to you; in this claim I wish you success most sincerely.

From the long and uninterrupted friendship and confidence which has subsisted between us I feel no hesitation in making to you the following communication under the fullest impression that it will be held by you inviolable secret untill I see you, or you shall hear from me again.

During the last session of Congress a law was passed in conformity to a private message of the President of the United States, intitled "An Act making an appropriation for extending the external commerce of the United States." The object of this Act as understood by its framers was to give the sanction of the government to exploring the interior of the continent of North America, or that part of it bordering on the Missouri & Columbia Rivers. This enterprise has been confided to me by the President, and in consequence since the beginning of March I have been engaged in making the necessary preparations for the tour, these arrangements being now nearly completed. I shall set out for Pittsburg (the intended point of embarkation) about the last of this month, and as soon after as from the state of the water you can reasonably expect me I shall be with you, say about the 10th of August. To aid me in this enterprise I have the most ample and hearty support that the government can give in every possible shape. I am armed with the authority of the government of the U. States for my protection, so far as its authority or influence extends; in addition to which, the further aid has been given me of liberal passports from the Ministers both of France and England; I am instructed to select from any corps in the army a number of noncommissioned officers and privates not exceeding 12, who may be disposed voluntarily to enter into this service; and am also authorized to engage any other men not soldiers that I may think usefull in promoting the objects or success of this expedition. I am likewise furnished with letters of credit, and authorized to draw on the government for any sum necessary for the comfort of myself and party. To all the persons engaged in this service I am authorized to offer the following rewards by way of inducement—1 the bounty (if not a soldier) but in both cases six months pay in advance; 2 to discharge them from the service if they wish it, immediately on their return from the expedition giving them their arrears of pay clothing &c. & 3 to secure to them a portion of land equal to that given by the United States to the officers and soldiers who served in the revolutionary army. This is a short view of means with which I am intrusted to carry this plan of the Government into effect. I will now give you a short sketch of my plan of operation; I shall embark at Pittsburg with a party of recruits eight or nine in number, intended only to manage the boat and are not calculated on as a

permanent part of my detachment; when descending the Ohio it shall be my duty by enquiry to find out and engage some good hunters stout, healthy, unmarried young men, accustomed to the woods, and capable of bearing bodily fatigue in a pretty considerable degree; should any young men answering this description be found in your neighborhood I would thank you to give information of them on my arrivall at the falls of the Ohio; and if possible learn the probability of their engaging in this service, this may be done perhaps by holding out the idea that the direction of this expedition is up the Mississippi to its source, and thence to the lake of the Woods, stating the probable period of absence at about 18 months; if they would engage themselves in a service of this description there would be but little doubt that they would engage in the real design when it became necessary to make it known to them, which I should take care to do before I finally engaged them:—The soldiers that will most probably answer this expedition best will be found in some of the companies stationed at Massac, Kaskaskias & Illinois; pardon this digression from the description of my plan: it is to descend the Ohio in a keeled boat of about ten tons burthen, from Pittsburg to its mouth, thence up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Missourie, and up that river as far as its navigation is practicable with a boat of this description, there to prepare canoes of bark or raw-hides, and proceed to it's source, and if practicable pass over to the waters of the Columbia or Origan River and by descending it reach the Western Ocean; the mouth of this river lies about one hundred and forty miles South of Nootka-Sound, at which place there is a considerable European Trading establishment, and from which it will be easy to obtain a passage to the United States by way of the East-Indies in some of the tradeing vessels that visit Nootka-Sound annually, provided it should be thought more expedient to do so, than to return by the rout I had pursued in my outward bound journey. The present season being already so far advanced, I do not calculate on getting further than two or three hundred miles up the Missourie before the commencement of the ensuing winter. At this point wherever it may be I shall make myself as comfortable as possible during the winter and resume my journey as early in the spring as the ice will permit:—should nothing take place to defeat my progress altogether I feel confident that my passage to the Western ocean can be effected by the end of the next Summer or the beginning of Autumn. In order to subsist my party with some degree of comfort dureing the ensuing winter, I shall engage some French traders at Illinois to attend me to my wintering ground with a sufficient quantity of flour, pork &c. to serve them plentifully during the winter, and thus be enabled to set out in the Spring with a healthy and vigorous party. So much for the great outlines of this scheem, permit me now to mention partially the ob-

jects which it has in view or those which it is desirable to effect through it's means, and then conclude this lengthy communication. You must know in the first place that very sanguine expectations are at this time formed by our Government that the whole of that immense country watered by the Mississippi and it's tributary streams, Missouri inclusive, will be the property of the U. States in less than 12 months from this date; but let me again impress you with the necessity of keeping this matter a perfect secret. In such a state of things therefore as we have every reason to hope, you will readily conceive the importance to the U. States of an early and intimate acquaintance with the tribes that inhabit that country, that they should be early impressed with the just idea of the rising importance of the U. States and of her friendly dispositions towards them, as also her desire to become usefull to them by furnishing them through her citizens with such articles by way of barter as may be desired by them or usefull to them. The other objects of this mission are scientific, and of course not less interesting to the U. States than to the world generally such is the ascertaining by celestial observation the geography of the country through which I shall pass; the names of the nations who inhabit it, the extent and limits of their several possessions, their relation with other tribes and nations; their language, traditions, and monuments; their ordinary occupations in fishing, hunting, war, arts, and the implements for their food, clothing and domestic accommodation; the diseases prevalent among them and the remedies they use; the articles of commerce they may need, or furnish, and to what extent; the soil and face of the country; it's growth and vegetable productions its animals; the miniral prodnctions of every description; and in short to collect the best possible information relative to whatever the country may afford as a tribute to general science.

My instruments for celestial observation are an excellent set and my supply of Indian presents is sufficiently ample.

Thus my friend you have so far as leasure will at this time permit me to give it you, a summary view of the plan, the means and the objects of this expedition, if therefore there is anything under those circumstances, in this enterprise, that would induce you to partieipate with me in its fatiegues, it's dangers and it's honors, believe me there is no man on earth with whom I should feel equal pleasure in sharing them as with yourself; I make this communication to you with the privity of the President, who expresses an anxious wish that you would consent to join me in this enterprise; he has authorized me to say that in the event of your accepting this proposition he will grant you a Captain's commission which of course will entitle you to the pay and emoluments attached to that office and will equally with myself entitle you to such portion of land as was granted to officers of similar rank for their Revolutionary services; the commission with which

he proposes to furnish you is not to be considered temporary but permanent if you wish it; your situation if joined with me in this mission will in all respects be precisely such as my own. Pray write to me on this subject as early as possible and direct to me at Pittsburg. Should you feel disposed not to attach yourself to this party in an official character, and at the same time feel a disposition to accompany me as a friend any part of the way up the Missouri I should be extremely happy in your company, and will furnish you with every aid for your return from any point you might wish it.

With sincere and affectionate regard
your friend & Humb sev.
Meriwether Lewis.

We have not the original of Clark's reply; but he preserved this rough draft:

Clarksville 17th July 1803

Dear Lewis

I received by yesterday's Mail your letter of the 19th. ulto; the contents of which I received with much pleasure. The enterprise & Mission is such as I have long anticipated & am much pleased with and as my situation in life will admit of my absence the length of time necessary to accomplish such an undertaking, I will cheerfully join you in an "official character" as mentioned in your letter and partake of all the Dangers, Difficulties & fatigues, and I anticipate the honors & rewards, of the result of such an enterprise should we be successful in accomplishing it. This is an immense undertaking fraught with numerous difficulties, but my friend I can assure you that no man lives with whom I prefer to undertake and share the difficulties of such a trip than yourself. I reserve nothing from you that will add either to my profit or satisfaction and shall arrange my matters as well as I can against your arrival here?

It may be necessary that you inform the president of my acceding to the proposals, so that I may be furnished with such credentials, as the nature of the Tour may require, which I suppose had best be forwarded to Louisville. The objects of this Plan of Government's are great and appear flattering the means with which we are furnished to carry it into effect, I think are sufficiently liberal. The plan of operation which you inform me you intended to pursue (with a small addition as to the outfit) I highly approve of.

I shall endeavor to engage temporarily such men as I think may answer our purpose but, holding out the Idea as stated in your letter—the subject of which has been mentioned in Louisville several weeks ago.

Pray write to me by every post, I shall be exceedingly anxious to know where you are and how you proceed?

With every assurance of sincerity in every respect, and with aff y f & H.Srv.

W. C.

Following is the rough draft of a memorandum by Clark, evidently the scheme of a letter to the President, under date of July 24th:

I had the Honor of receiving thro' Cap. Lewis an assurance of your approbation and wish that I would join him in a N. W. Enterprize.

Altho' a Tour of this kind is (two words illegible) difficulties and dangers I will cheerfully join my F. Lewis in the accomplishment of them, and shall arrange my business so as to be in readiness to set out in a short time after he arrives here. May I request the favor of you to forward the inclosed letter to Cap. Lewis should he not be with you? May I have the pleasure of hearing from you?

I am with resp.

Interior mails moved slowly in 1803. Lewis had grown uneasy over Clark's delay in answering. Fearing that his friend could or would not go, he opened tentative negotiations with Lieutenant Moses Hooke, of his own regiment, who was then in charge of military stores at Pittsburg; a young man "about 26 years of age, endowed with a good constitution, possessing a sensible well-informed mind, is industrious, prudent and persevering and withall intrepid and enterprising," Lewis described him in a letter to Jefferson (July 26). Lewis had, however, apparently once more written Clark, and their letters had crossed. In the following Clark reiterates his favorable reply, which we obtain from the rough draft:

Louisville 24th 1803

Dear Lewis

I wrote you in answer to your letter of the 19 ulto; by the last Mail, the contents of which as I before informed you were truly pleasing to me and such as I heartily join you in. I am arranging my matters so as to detain but a short time after your arrival here, well convinced of the necessity of getting as far as possible up the ———— this fall to accomplish the object as laid down by yourself and which I highly approve of.

(Paragraph in draft, which was erased: "My friend I join you with hand and Heart and anticipate advantages which will certainly accrue from the accomplishment of so vast, Hazardous & fatiguing enterprize. You no doubt will inform the president of my determination to Join you in an 'official Character' as mentioned in your letter.

The Credentials necessary for me to be furnished with had best be forwarded to this place, and if we set out before their arrival to Kaskaskies.")

I have temporarily engaged some men for the enterprise of a discription calculated to work & go thro' those labours & fatigues which will be necessary. Several young men (gentlemen's sons) have applied to accompany us. As they are not accustomed to labour and as that is a verry essential part of the services required of the party, I am cautious in giving them any encouragement. The newspaper accounts seem to confirm the report of war in Europe and the session of Louisiana to the United States, and I think it possible that a confirmation of the session of Louisiana may have detained you at the city longer than you expected, I have enclosed a letter to you under cover to Mr. Jefferson. Pray let me hear from you as often as possible.

Yr.

W. C.

Lewis's enthusiastic and almost boyish reply to his friend was written at Pittsburg, where he was impatiently waiting for dilatory boat-builders to complete the craft which they had promised to have ready by midsummer.

Pittsburg August 3rd 1803

Dear Clark:

Yours of the 19th & 24th Ul. have been duly received, and be assured I feel myself much gratified with your decision; for I could neither hope, wish, or expect from a union with any man on earth, more perfect support or further aid in the discharge of the several duties of my mission, than that, which I am confident I shall derive from being associated with yourself.

The articles of every description forming my outfit for this expedition have arrived in good order; my boat only detains me, she is not yet completed tho' the workman who contracted to build her promises that she shall be in readiness by the last of the next week. The water is low, this may retard, but shall not totally obstruct my progress being determined to proceed tho' I should not be able to make greater speed than a boat's length pr day.

I am pleased to heare that you have engaged some men for this service, your contract with them had better be with the condition of my approval, as by the time I shall arrive more will have offered themselves and a better selection may of course be made; from the nature of this enterprise much must depend on a judicious selection of our men; their qualifications should be such as perfectly fit them for the service otherwise they will greatly clog than further the objects in view; on this principle I am well pleased that you have not admitted or encouraged the young gentlemen you mention, as we must set our faces against all such applications and get rid of them on the best terms we can, they

will not answer our purposes; if a good hunter or two could be conditionally engaged, I would think them an acquisition, they must however understand that they will not be employed for the purposes of hunting exclusively but must bear a portion of the labour in common with the party.

Sometime in the month of February last a young man by the name of John Conner residing among the Delaware Indians on White River offered himself, by letter, to accompany me in the capacity of Interpreter; I wrote him in answer accepting his services and giving him some instruction relative to the points at which I wished him to join me as also to engage one or two Indian hunters for the service—of this letter I forwarded triplicates by different routs but have never received an answer; I am personally acquainted with this man and think that we could not get a person better qualified in every respect than he is, and that it will be advisable to spare no pains to get him. If you can not learn that Conner has gone on to Massac Kaskaskais or Illinois, (which are the places I appointed for his joining me) I think it will be best for you to hire a man to go to the Delaware Town and enquire after him, you may offer him 300 dollars a year and find him provisions and clothing—should he be at the Delaware Town and be willing to engage on these terms he had better come on immediately and join us at Louisville. He is a trader among the Indians and I think he told me he lived on White River at the nearest Delaware town to Fort Hamilton and distant from that place about 24 miles.

The session of Louisiana is now no (word illegible) on the 14th of July the President received the treaty from Paris, by which France has ceded to the U. States, Louisiana according to the bounds to which she had a right, price $11\frac{1}{4}$ millions of dollars, besides paying certain debts of France to our citizens which will be from one to four millions; the Western people may now estimate the value of their possessions.

I have been detained much longer than I expected but shall be with you by the last of this month.

Your sincere friend & Ob. Servt.

NOTE—Write & direct to me at Cincinnati.

In the same collection of letters is one by Clark to John Conner (August 20), seeking to engage that person as Indian interpreter, and offering him "300 dollars a year and find you provision & clothing." But the negotiations with Conner fell through.

We next have a hurried note from Lewis to Clark, dated September 28th, notifying his friend, who was waiting for the flotilla at Louisville, that the expedition had reached Cincinnati "After a most tedious and laborious passage from Pittsburg." It was delayed by the "unpardonable negligence and inattention of the boat builders who, unfortunately for me, were a set of most

incorrigible drunkards, and whom, neither threats, intreaties nor any other mode of treatment which I could devise had any effect." He tells Clark that "your ideas in the subject of a judicious selection of our party perfectly comport with my own;" and adds, "I do not much regret the loss of Mr. Conner for several reasons which I shall mention to you when we meet; he has deceived me very much."

A letter by Lewis, dated Cahokia, December 17th, addressed to Clark, who is drilling to men at Camp River Dubois, states that recruits are coming in. "Drewyer (Drouillard) arrived here last evening from Tennessee with eight men. I do not know how they may answer our experiment but I am a little disappointed, in finding them not possessed of more of the requisite qualifications; there is not a hunter among them." Suggestions are given relative to corn for the horses, and the building of huts for the party wintering "on Morrison's farm."

From Camp River Dubois (February 18, 1804), Lewis writes to Clark, who is at St. Louis, saying that he is "disappointed in getting down to the ball on the 14th," and giving news of the camp, which has been visited by "a principal chief of the Kickapoo nation."

Another note from "M. Lewis in haist" to Clark, dated May 2, 1804—twelve days before the start—informs him of the shipment to camp of "19 small flags, 16 musquetoe nets and our shirts;" gives directions relative to the men's pay, which "will commence from the dates of their last enlistments;" and reports that "Mr. (Pierre) Chonteau has procured seven (French voyageurs) engaged to go as far as the Mandans—but they will not agree to go further."

These documents well exemplify the habits and characteristics of the two men—Clark expressing himself sententiously, with Doric simplicity and vigor of phrase; Lewis in more correct diction, inclined to expatiate on details, especially with regard to Indians and natural history, and frequently revealing a considerable fund of sentiment and humor. The following entries for July 4, 1805, are fairly characteristic—although not seldom Lewis gives us pages of interesting circumstances, where Clark turns off the incidents of the day with a blunt paragraph:

(Lewis) our work being an end this evening, we gave the men a drink of Spirits, it being the last of our stock, and some of them appeared a little sensible to it's effects the fiddle was played and they danced very merrily untill 9 in the evening when a heave shower of rain put an end to that part of the amusement tho' they continued their mirth with songs and festive jokes and were extremely merry until late at night. we had a very comfortable dinner, of bacon, beans, suit dumplings & buffaloe beaf &c. in short we had no just cause to covet the sumptuous feasts of our

countrymen on this day. one Elk and a beaver were all that was killed by the hunters to-day; the buffalo seem to have withdrawn themselves from this neighborhood; the men inform us that they are still abundant about the falls.

(Clark): A fine morning, a heavy dew last night; all hands employed in Completing the leather boat, gave the Party a dram which made several verry lively, a black Cloud came up from the S. W., and rained a few drops I employ my Self drawing a Copy of the river to be left at this place for fear of some accident in advance. I have left buried below the falls a Map of the country below Fort Mandan with Sundery private papers. The party amused themselves dancing untill late when a shower of rain broke up the amusement, all lively and Chearfull, one Elk and a beaver kill'd to day.

Here is a graphic picture by Clark (April 9, 1806) who dwells upon the incident at unwonted length:

last night at a late hour the old amsiated Indian who was detected in stealing a Spoon yesterday crept upon his belley with his hands and feet, with a view as I suppose to take some of our baggage which was in several defferent parcels on the bank. the Sentinel observed the motions of this old ameinated retch until he got with (in) a few feet of the baggage at (which) he hailed him and approached with his gun in a possion as if going to shote which allarmed the old retch in such a manner that he ran with all his powers tumbleing over bush and everything in his way.

The following account of Christmas at Fort Clatsop (1805), from the Clark field-book, shows the poor fellows seeking to make a brave show under dolefull conditions:

Some rain at different times last night and showers of hail with intervaes of fair starlight. This morning at day we were saluted by all our party under our winders, a Shout and a Song after brackfast we divided our tobacco which amounted to 2 Carrots, one half we gave to the party who used Tobacco those who did not we gave a Handkerchief as a present, The day proved showery all day, the Ind. left us this evening. all our party moved into their huts. we dried some of our wet goods.

I reved a present of a Fleeshe Hoserey (fleece hosiery) vest draws & socks of Capt Lewis p Mockersons of Whitehouse, a small Indian basket of Guterich (Goodrich) & 2 Dox weasels tales of the Squar of Shabono, & some black roots of the Indians. Our Diner to day consisted of pore Elk boiled, split fish & some roots, a bad Christmass diner worm day.

"Ticks and Musqueters" are "verry troublesom" through much of the journey; on the upper Missouri, "eye knats and prickly pears, equal any three curses that ever poor Egypt laiboured under, except the Mahometant yoke." Grizzly Bears greatly annoy them east of the mountains; Lewis gives many thrilling experiences with this bulky and ferocious beast, and writes: "I

find that the curiossity of our party is pretty well satisfied with respect to this anamal * * * he has staggered the resolution of several of them * * * I comfess I do not like the gentlemen and had reather fight two Indians than one bear." One has frequent glimpses, on the deeply gullied plains, of buffalo herds, often embracing several thousands, and antelopes, deer, bighorns, and other game in astonishing numbers. In crossing the divide, we are closely in touch with a sad dearth of food; and upon the Columbia and at Fort Clatsop find the adventurers obliged to exist on horses, dogs, dried fish, and roots, until the human system sometimes revolts—Clark never could accustom himself to dog flesh; although Lewis, in several facetious references, promises to regard it as equal to beaver-tail. Storms by day and night, the shelving banks of the Missouri, the toil of towing line and kedg anchor, the misery of wading rapids, the dangers of crossing snow-clad mountains, constant peril from prowling grizzlies, buffalo stampedes or crafty Indians whose machinations require the equal exercise of diplomacy and courage—incidents like these, although often but casually alluded to, are sufficient to give us a vivid conception of the sore trials which beset the path-finders, and the wide range of qualifications necessary to the leadership of an expedition which was to overcome both untamed nature and savage men.

By means of the diaries we also constantly obtain side-lights on the personnel of the party, other than the captains, which Biddle's literary paraphrase quite neglects. Besides the volunteers from Ohio River garrisons, were several young Kentucky woodsmen and mechanics, also a small group of French Canadians who served as interpreters, hunters and boatmen. The Kentucky wood-rovers were at first restive under the strict discipline which Lewis and Clark had found it essential to maintain. The orderly book, already alluded to, reveals numerous instances wherein corporal punishment—in one case, four hundred lashes on the bare back—was administered to refractory privates; while in a case of mutiny during the first summer, resulted in two culprits being drummed out of camp, after the usual flogging, and then kept imprisoned until the following spring, when they were sent back in irons to St. Louis.

The four sergeants appear to have been equally trusted, and not infrequently receive commendation in the journals. Floyd's death (August 20th, 1804), calls forth especial praise from Clark: "This Man at all times gave us proofs of his firmness and Determined resolution to doe Service to his Countrey and honor to himself." Ordway was first sergeant, and his penmanship appears frequently in the orderly book. Pryor, in particular, was on several occassions given the care of difficult special enterprises. Among the privates, Joseph and Reuben Fields, as hunters for the party, receive frequent mention, Clark thinking

them remarkable shots; but his highest praise in this regard is for the Frenchman, Drouillard (Drewyer, as the journals phonetically spell his name), who is a mighty hunter and abundant in resource.

There were many times upon the journey when it was necessary to entertain their numerous savage visitors, concerning whose intentions the captains had good reason to be suspicious. Lewis's air gun, which would discharge a dozen or more shots without re-loading, was a never-ending source of wonder to the simple natives; so also, the sagacious dog which accompanied him throughout the expedition, and whose simple tricks immensely pleased the tribes-men. Clark's compass and magnet were in frequent demand, also his spy-glass—magic, in the truest sense of the word. Kentuckians and voyageurs fiddled, sang and danced, often until sheer exhaustion caused them to desist; sometimes they served in relays, to keep their guests continually amused. On such occasions, we read much of the acrobatic performances of Clark's burly and good-natured negro servant, York, whose facial and bodily contortions occasionally so alarmed the Indians that his master would cause him to stop "making himself too Terribull."

Prominent among the party were Charbonneau, one of the French interpreters—a loutish, brutal fellow, whose loyalty was more than once suspected—and his squaw, Sacajawea (or Sah-cahgarweah), the only woman in the party. Sacajawea was a young Shoshoni who had, five years previous, been captured near the Three Forks of the Missouri, by a band of Minitaree and carried to the lower reaches of the Missouri, where, on regaining her freedom, she fell in and consorted with Charbonneau. A son was born to her on the journey, and, with the papoose strapped on her back, she accompanied the expedition to the Pacific and back again to Fort Mandan. As the only member of the detachment who had been up the Missouri to the mountains, and who knew the native dialects of the Far West, her presence was deemed invaluable; many of Charbonneau's shortcomings were on this account forgiven. Once, when the principal boat was nearly upset by a squall on the Missouri, Sacajawea's coolness alone saved valuable instruments and papers, the loss of which might, the captains tell us, have necessitated the return of the expedition. Nearing the mountains, the river frequently forked, and her memory of geographical points, while apparently weak, nevertheless materially assisted in decisions as to the proper stream to follow; and when at last it was necessary to cache the canoes, and seek Indians horses with which to cross the far-stretching divide, the village chief who finally assisted them with men and beasts, was Sacajawea's brother, Cameahwait. Lewis had once complained of the woman's indifference to sentiment, saying "If she has enough to eat and a few trinkets to wear I believe she would

be perfectly content anywhere." But her meeting with Cameahwait, he declares to have been "really affecting." The women of Oregon are preparing to erect a bronze statue to Sacajawea, in the capacity of guide to the expedition, and propose to unveil it during the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland, in 1905.

But the limitations of space forbid further description of this newly found mine of documentary material. Enough has been written to show that the pages of these manuscripts journals are aglow with human interest. The quiet, even temper of the camp; the loving consideration that each of the two leaders felt for each other; the magnanimity of Lewis, officially the leader, in equally dividing every honor with his friend and making no move without the latter's consent; the poetic temperament of Lewis, who loved flowers and animals, and in his notes discoursed like a philosopher who enjoyed the exercise of writing; the rugged character of Clark, who wrote in brief, pointed phrase, spelled phonetically, capitalized chaotically, and occasionally slipped in his grammar—all these and more are evident on every page; causing the reader deeply to admire the men, and to follow them in their often thrilling adventures with the keenest sympathy and anticipation. We shall hereafter know Lewis and Clark and their bronzed companions as we never knew them before.

Letters of General Clark

The letters among the papers of General William Clark, are of special interest to the people of the great west and always should be of the great expedition of over one hundred years ago. The letters herewith given from William Clark to his brother, General George Rogers Clark (of Revolutionary fame) and the second one to the husband of Sacajawea, the French half-breed interpreter Charbono. The letters throws a very interesting light on the true character of William Clark. These letters are the property of Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhees, granddaughter of General William Clark, and of her daughter, Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhees of New York, in whose possession they have by inheritance for many years remained.

William Clark to George Rogers Clark, St. Louis, September 24, 1806:

Dear Brother:

We arrived at this place on the 23 inst. from the Pacific Ocean, where we remained during the last winter near the entrance of the Columbia River. This station we left on the 27th. of March last and should have reached St. Louis early in August had we not been detained by the snow which barred our passage across the Rocky Mountains until the 24th of June. In returning through those mountains we divided ourselves into several parties

digressing from the rout by which we went out in order the more effectually to explore the country and discover the most practicable rout which does exist across the continent by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers. in this we were completely successful and have therefore no hesitation in declaring that such as nature has permitted it we have discovered the best rout which does exist across the continent of North America in that direction. Such is that by way of the Missouri to the foot of the rapids below the great falls of that river, a distance of 2575 miles, thence by passing the Rocky Mountains to a navigable part of Kooskee 340 and with the Kooskooskee 73 miles Lewis's river 154 miles and the Columbia 413 miles to the Pacific Ocean, making the total distance from the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi to the discharge of the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean 3555 miles. the navigation of the Missouri may be deemed good; its difficulties arise from its falling banks, timber embeded in the mud of its channel its sandbars and steady rapidity of its current all which may be overcome with a great degree of certainty by using the necessary precautions. The passage by land of 340 miles from the Missouri to the Kooskooskee is the most formidable part of the tract proposed across the continent of this distance 200 miles is along a good road and 140 over tremendous mountains which for 60 miles are covered with eternal snow. a passage over these mountains is however practicable from the latter part of June to the last of September and the cheap rate at which horses are to be obtained from the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and west of them reduce the expenses of transportation over this portage to a mere trifle. the navigation of Kooskooskee, Lewis's R. and the Columbia is safe and good from the first of April to the middle of August by making portages on the latter river. the first of which in descending is 1200 paces at the falls of the Columbia 261 miles up that river the second of 2 miles at the long narrows 6 miles below the falls and a third also 2ms at the great rapids 65 miles still lower down. the tide flows up the Columbia 183 miles and within 7 miles of the great rapids. large sloops may with safety ascend as high as tide water and vessels of 300 tons burthen may reach the entrance of the Multnomah R. a large southern branch of the Columbia which taking its rise on the confines of Mexico with the Colorado and Apostles rivers discharges itself into the Columbia 125 miles from its mouth. I consider this tract across the continent of immense advantage to the fur trade as all the furs collected in 9/10ths. of the most valuable fur country in America may be conveyed to the mouth of the Columbia and shipped from thence to East Indies by the first of August in each year and will of course reach Canton earlier than the furs which are annually exported from Montreal arrive in Great Britain.

In our outward bound voyage we ascended to the foot of the rapids below the great falls of the Missouri where we arrived on the 14th. of June 1805. Not having met with any of the natives of the Rocky Mountains we were of course ignorant of the passes by land which existed through that country to the Columbia River and had we even known the route we were destitute of horses which would have been indispensibly necessary to enable us to transport the requisite quantity of ammunition and other stores to ensure the success of the remaining part of our voyage down the Columbia. We therefore determined to navigate the Missouri as far as it was practicable or until we met with some of the natives from whom we could obtain horses and information of the country, accordingly we undertook the most laborious portage at the falls of the Missouri of 18 miles, which we effected with our canoes and baggage by the 3rd. of July. from hence ascending the Missouri we entered the Rocky Mountains at the distance of 7 miles above the upper part of the portage and penetrated as far as the three forks of that river a distance of 181 miles further here the Missouri divides itself into three nearly equal branches at the same point. the two largest branches are so nearly of the same dignity that we did not conceive that either of them could with propriety retain the name of the Missouri and therefore called these three streams Jefferson, Madison and Gallitan. The confluence of these rivers is 2848 miles from the mouth of the Missouri; by the meanders of that river.

We arrived at the 3 forks of the Missouri the 27th. of July. Not having yet been so fortunate as to meet with natives although I had previously made several excursions for that purpose we were compelled still to continue our route by water. that to which we had given the name of Jefferson River was deemed the most proper for our purposes and we accordingly ascended it 249 miles to the upper forks and its extreme navigatable point making the total distance to which we had navigated the waters of the Missouri 3096 miles of which 429 lay within the Rocky Mountains. on the morning of the 17th. of August 1805 I arrived at the forks of Jeffersons River where I met Captain Lewis who had previously penetrated with three men to the waters of the Columbia and discovered a band of Shoshones and had found means to induce thirty-five of them, chiefs and warriors, to accompany him to that place. from these people we learned that the river on which we resided was not navigable and that a passage through the mountains in that direction was impracticable; being unwilling to confide in this unfavorable account of the natives it was concerted between Capt. Lewis and myself that I should go forward immediately with a small party and explore the river while he in the interior would lay up the canoes at that place and engage the natives with their horses to assist in transporting our stores and baggage to their camp. Accordingly I set out the next

day passed the dividing mountains between the waters of the Missouri and Columbia and descended the river which I have since called the East Fork of Lewis's R. about 70 miles finding that the Indian account of the country in the direction of this river was correct. I returned and found Captain Lewis on the 29th of August at the Shoshone camp—excessively fatigued having been compelled to subsist on berries during the greater part of the route. We now purchased 27 horses of these Indians and hired a guide who assured us that he could in fifteen days take us to a large river in an open country west of these mountains by a route some distance to the north of the river on which they lived and that by which the natives west of the mountains visited the plains of the Missouri for the purpose of hunting buffaloe. every preparation being made was set forward with our guide on the 31st. of August through those tremendous mountains in which we continued until the 22nd. of September before we reached the level country beyond them. On our way we met the Ootolashshoot, a band of the Tushipahs from whom we obtained an accession of several horses and exchanged eight or ten others. This proved of infinite service to us as we were compelled to subsist on horse beef about eight days before we reached Kooskooske. During our passage over these mountains we suffered everything which hunger, cold and fatigue could impose; nor did our difficulties with respect to provisions cease on our arrival at the Kooskooske for although the Pallopepallers numerous nation inhabiting that country were extremely hospitable and for a few trifling articles furnished us with an abundance of roots and dried salmon. the food to which they were accustomed we found that we could not subsist on those articles and almost all of us grew sick on eating them. we were obliged therefore to have recourse to the flesh of horses and dogs as food to supply the deficiency of our guns which produced but little meat as game was scarce in the vicinity of our camp on the Kooskooske where we were compelled to remain in order to construct our perouges to descend the river, at this season the salmon are meagre and form but indifferent food. While we remained here I was myself sick for several days and my friend Capt. Lewis suffered a severe indisposition. Having completed 4 large perouges and a small canoe we gave our horses in charge of the Pallopepallers until we returned and on the 7th of Oct. re-embarked for the Pacific Ocean. We decided by the route which I have already mentioned. the water of the rivers being low at this season we experienced much difficulty in descending. We found them obstructed by a great number of difficult and dangerous rapids in passing of which our perouges narrowly with their lives. however this difficulty does not exist in high water which happens within the period which I have previously mentioned. We found the natives extremely numerous and generally friendly though we have

on several occasions owed our lives and the fate of the expedition to our number which consisted of 31 men. On the 17 of November we reached the Ocean where various considerations induced us to spend the winter. We therefore searched for an eligible situation for that purpose and selected a spot on the E. side of a little river called by the Natul which discharges itself into a small bay on the S. E. side of the Columbia and 14 miles within point Adams. here we constructed some log houses and defended them with a common stockade work; this place we called Fort Clatsop after a nation of that name who were our nearest neighbors in this country. We found an abundance of elk on which we subsisted principally during the last winter on our homeward bound voyage being much better acquainted with the country we were enabled to take such precautions which have in a great measure secured us from the want of provision at any time and greatly lessened our fatigue when compared with those to which we were compelled to submit in our outward bound journey. We left Fort Clatsop on the 23th. of March. We have not lost a man since we left the Mandans a circumstance which I assure you is a pleasing consideration to me. As I shall shortly be with you I deem it unnecessary to have to attempt minutely to detail the occurrences of the last eighteen months.

Adieu &c

William Clark.

William Clark to Toussaint Carbono on board the Perouge near the Ricara Village August 20th, 1806.

Charbono,

Sir: Your present situations with the Indians gives me some concern. I wish now that I had advised you to come with me to Illinoise where it most probably would be in my power to put you in the way to do something for yourself. I was so engaged after the Big White concluded to go down with Jessomme as his interpreter that I had no time to talk to you as much as I had intended to have done. You have been a long time with me and have conducted yourself in such a manner as to gain my friendship. Your woman who accompanied you on that long dangerous and fatiguing route to the Pacific Ocean and back deserves a greater reward for her attention and services on that ront than we had in our power to give her at the Mandans.

As to your little son (my boy Pomp) you well know my fondness for him and my anxiety to take and raise him as my own child. I once more tell you if you will bring your son Baptist to me I will educate him and treat him as my own child. I do not forget the promise which I made to you and shall now repeat them that you may be certain. Charbono, if you wish to live with the white people and will come to me I will give you a piece of land and furnish you with horses, cows and hogs. if you wish to visit your friends in Montreal I will let you have a horse and

your family shall be taken care of until you return. if you wish to return as an interpreter Monetcars when the troops come up from the establishment, you will be with me ready and I will procure you the place—or if you wish to return to trade with the Indians and will leave your little son Pomp with me I will assist you with merchandise for that purpose and become myself concerned with you in trade on a small scale that is to say not exceeding a perouge load at one time. If you are disposed to accept either of my offers to you and will bring down your son your family Janey had best come along with you to take care of the boy until I get him. Let me advise you to keep your bill of exchange and what furs and peltrees you have in possession and get as much more as you can and get as many robes and big horn and Cabbra Skins as you can collect in the course of the winter and take them down to St. Louis as early as possible in the spring. When you get to St. Louis inquire of the Governor of that place for a letter I shall leave for you. in the letter I shall leave with the Governor I shall inform you what you had best do with your furs peltree robes &c and direct you where to find me. If you should meet with any misfortune on the river &c when you get to St. Louis write a letter to me by the post and let me know your situation. If you do not intend to go down either this fall or in the spring write a letter to me by first opportunity and inform me what you intend to do that I may expect you or not. If you intend to come down this fall or the next spring will be best time. This fall would be best if you could get down before winter. I shall be found either in St. Louis or in Clarksville at the falls of the Ohio.

Wishing you and your family great suckess & with enxious expectations of seeing my little dancing boy Baptiest I shall remain your friend,

William Clark.

Keep this letter and let no more than one or 2 persons see it and when you write to me seal your letter.

I think you best not deturman whieh of my offers to accept until you see me. Come prepared to accept of either which you may chuse after you get down.

Mr. Toussaint Charbono,
Meneterras Village.

THE END

